

NATIONAL *Monthly About People* MAGAZINE

Edited by JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



MAY, 1919
20 Cents



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NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Mostly about People

Frontispiece, "The Triumph of the New Era" Mary Mason 150
Poem by Ann Clare Booth

Articles of Current Interest

Affairs at Washington..... *Illustrated*... Joe Mitchell Chapple 151

Returning Soldiers Salute "Home Sweet Home"
Dreary Days in Official Washington
The World Drawing Nearer on Memorial Day
Pennsylvania Congressman is Champion of Labor
Greatest Road Building Program
Philippine Islands Desire Independence
First Woman Traffic Officer

Senator Urges Permanent Merchant Marine
Louis A. Coolidge Welcomes Returning Soldiers
Vast Total of Loan Obligations
Efforts for Soldier Settlement Legislation
Census Records Material Progress
Bone-dry Days at Washington

The Home-Coming of the Yankee Division. *Illustrated*..... 157

How Rouget de Lisle Wrote the Battle Song of France
Illustrated.. Frances Hamilton Shields 161

America After the War 164

How Munition Plants Were Guarded..... *Illustrated*..... Austyn Granville 165

"Ring Out! Sweet Bells of Peace" *Illustrated*..... 167

People It Pays to Know

Fred Cardway *Illustrated*.. William Edward Ross 169

Roger W. Babson..... *Illustrated*..... Lee Somers 170

E. Clemens Horst..... *Illustrated*..... L. G. Tillett 171

The Reconstruction of Vaudeville..... *Illustrated*..... Walter J. Kingsley 173

Let's Strengthen the Nation Thru Co-operation..... G. Herb Palin 176

Affairs and Folks *Illustrated*..... 177

The Doughboys in Business
The Passing of a Kindred Soul
A Woman Statistical Expert
The Nestor of American Journalism
Home Gardens Medal

"The Triumph of the New Era"
The World's Champion Typist
A California Pioneer
The Originator of Mother's Day
America's Most Versatile Actor

VERSE

"Taps"..... Maitland LeRoy Osborne 172

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"THE NEW ERA"

By ANN CLARE BOOTH

(On seeing Miss Mary Mason's statue)

A MAIDEN fair, with strong, pure face,
Sweeps over Flanders' fields today,
Her bare, lithe limbs swing joyously
At sound of trumpet's vibrant lay;

The martial note, from golden throat,
Rings clear, and summons now the dawn;
While blazing eyes reflect the skies,
In the new day's radiant morn.

Oh! Promise of things soon to be,
Oh, Future Life of higher kind,
Oh! Blessed Soul of Victory
Of Spirit over Might and Mind!

Who are you, with strong, graceful limb,
And drap'ries flowing wild and free,
Who sweeps o'er Flanders' blasted plains,
With trumpet shrilling heavenly?
The woman with firm, smiling lips,
Tossed proudly back her splendid head;
In ecstasy of heavenly joy,
Blew answer to the Holy Dead:

I am the Triumph of the Right,
True faith of manhood in the race,
The great soul of the Comrades' Love,
The spirit of the Nations' Grace.
The Hope of Peoples newly born,
The Birthright of fair Youth to come;
Ideal of heaven's hero Dead,
The spirit that struck tyrants dumb!

Who am I? Liberty, World-bliss,
Religion, purer, freer, clearer,
Peace risen from War's dread abyss,
The Triumph of a great New Era.



Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

RETURNING soldiers on the avenue in Washington, stopped and turned about and stood all attention as a hurdy-gurdy was playing "Home Sweet Home." In fact, everybody seemed to stop and listen—even the street cars appeared to loiter. The refrain seemed appropriate to the home-coming of the troops from overseas. It was near this very spot that Jenny Lind sang "Home Sweet Home" in Washington in the presence of President Fillmore and nearly every member of the Senate and House. It was then that she turned her face toward the dark-eyed man with pallid brow—John Howard Payne—who was in the audience, and sang back to the author the sentiment of his soul in angelic tones. It was here that Daniel Webster, the great orator, arose in the box and paid tribute to the Swedish "nightingale," as queen of a song that was immortal and has become a universal refrain in home-coming days.

*Dreary Days in Official
Washington—"Nobody Home"*

ALTOGETHER it has been a dreary month in Washington. With the President gone from the White House, the Secretary of War, Secretary of Navy and Secretary of State all absent from the big building, Congress adjourned, and other heads of departments away, it seemed as if the wheels of the government were dragging. The dogwood looked as glorious in the woods along the Potomac as in the days of Washington. The jonquils, tulips and hyacinths at the White House brought a glow of hope that the day of Peace had arrived. The crowds were coming and going just the same, but the chief occupation of Senators and Congressmen was to obtain discharges from the army. There was the same eagerness to get out of the service and back to work as there was to go overseas. The wounded boys in the Walter Reed and other hospitals were making the best of the days of convalescence. The gold stripes on the sleeves became more frequent, showing that every returning boat is bringing back Class B and C—the wounded men first—while the big steamers laden with the returning divisions were greeted by shrieking whistles in Boston, New York and all the harbor cities.

*The World Drawing Nearer
on Memorial Day*

THE approach of Memorial Day was indicated in seeing the Grand Army men, veterans of the Civil War appearing in uniform. The thirtieth of May, 1919, will be observed far beyond the boundaries of the country. The flowers and poppies in Flanders, and lilies of France will be strewn on the graves of

the lads who sleep in their blankets overseas under the crosses glowing with the encircled Stars and Stripes. All this fore-shadows a world-wide Memorial Day that will engirdle the earth with its tender and inspiring sentiment. The United States was the first nation to honor its fallen heroes with flowers on a day when the living heroes who returned are honored. They are welcomed in the halo of the home-glow. That one word "home," found heretofore in only one language, is now used by the world in the pure white light of enduring peace, as a heart-greeting to valiant home defenders.

*Pennsylvania Congressman is Sturdy
Champion of Labor*

IT is no wonder that Mahlon M. Garland was chosen Congressman-at-large from Pennsylvania. In the first place, he is a large man, broad in mind as well as body. In his three-score years he retains a resemblance to the mighty John L. Sullivan. There is something intensely and typically American in Garland's personality.

He was born in Pittsburgh, but spent his early years on a farm in Huntingdon County. During a trip I made with him thru Europe there was many a reference to the canal boats which he commanded in early years from the back of a mule.

There was the *Carrie Ann* and the *Annabelle*. Every time we saw the cruisers and dread-naughts it brought back memories of the canal boat tow-path. In that respect he resembled Garfield, yet Garland has had a career as rugged as his frame.

He learned the trade of puddling and heating in the early days, when it required muscle and developed muscle. He was president of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers, the most powerful organization of its kind, and was re-elected six years in succession. He was in an executive position during the stirring days of the

Homestead strikes, and few men understood more thoroly the *ins and outs* of the labor situation and labor conditions than the sturdy Congressman from Pennsylvania.

He served as collector of customs under three Presidents, from 1898 to 1910, and was elected Congressman-at-large of the State, representing the iron center of the country, truly a type of the great iron and steel-producing commonwealth. He has been vice-president of the American Federation of Labor, and is to labor in the Republican party what Gompers is to labor in the Democratic party. He served as supreme dictator of the Loyal Order of Moose, an organization composed of nearly six hundred thousand working men.

On my trip with him thru Europe, one thing that he



LOADING MAIL INTO A PLANE AT WASHINGTON

The government is planning to establish regular airplane mail routes between the principal cities, which will materially lessen the time now required for delivery

ardently pursued was facts, and the next thing was souvenirs. He knew the prices of labor and commodities, and when he got souvenirs from the troops he asked questions. Altho three thousand miles away from home, he continued to gather statistics. If he found anyone from Pittsburgh, he felt he was a constituent. Indeed, he received a half million votes for the electorate of Pennsylvania. It would fill a book larger than the Congressional Directory to tell all the good things that might be said about this big bundle of clear-headed and sympathetic appreciation of the wage earners' interests and viewpoint, but he retains an unswerving fidelity to the principles of democracy, with a pugnacious challenge to meet all comers on any question of patriotic ideals.

When he returned from overseas, he was the first Congressman to voice the sentiment of soldiers in Germany regarding their wish to return home, and he introduced a resolution in the House of Representatives to that effect. He presented the heart-stirring appeal of the American soldiers overseas with all the vigor of his mind. He was the first Congressman to visit



Photo by
Harris & Ewing

HON. MAHLON M. GARLAND
Congressman-at-large from Pennsylvania

Germany after the war, and upon his return made good the pledge which I saw him give in person to the boys "over there" that he would not relax an ounce of energy until he had brought about the order for their return.

In his Congressional career he has continued the active habit of his life, and the bills he has presented make a list that looks like a complete calendar of the legislative term, but with a sympathetic ear and a keen eye always at the service of his constituency, with a respect for discipline and the majesty of

law, and an unflagging devotion to the flag and Constitution of his country, no wonder Pennsylvania insists that she has a true representative of the great mass of working people and the average man in Mahlon M. Garland.

*Greatest Road Building Program
in World's History*

IN the plans for Federal road building in 1919, Secretary Houston prophesies the greatest year known in the history of the country. Every effort is being made to expedite road construction along the lines authorized by Congress. The



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HON. DAVID S. HOUSTON
Secretary of Agriculture

official machinery of the department is already at work thru the Bureau of Public Roads, in connection with the forty-eight State Highway Departments. The conference held in Washington of the Eastern and Middle States took up all phases of the problem, and Thomas H. MacDonald, chief engineer of the Iowa State Highway Commission, was appointed engineer in charge of the work.

Congress has already accepted the recommendations of the department, making available large sums for the purpose road construction in co-operation with the States. The amount available is nearly seventy-five millions, which under the law must be matched by an equal amount from the states, making approximately a total of one hundred and fifty millions altogether to be spent on roads in the United States during the coming year.

The 1919 program is, in all respects, greater than any highway construction ever known in the history of the world. The work on the Appian Way in ancient Rome was but a section contract in comparison. With the Lincoln Highway completed

under the enthusiastic direction of President F. A. Seiberling, 1919 will be a memorable year in making roadways for the United States of America.

Philippine Islands Desire to Assume Independence

THE most earnest and systematic campaign for Philippine independence that has ever been made in the United States is now under headway. This work is being directed by the Philippine Mission, officially empowered by the Philippine Legislature to proceed to America and work for independence, and "to promote better understanding, greater confidence, and closer economic relations between the United States and the Philippines." Members of the mission declare that the ten million inhabitants of the islands are practically a unit for independence.

The mission is composed of forty of the more progressive and best-known men of the islands, all Filipinos. It is headed by Manuel L. Quezon, president of the Philippine Senate, and well known in Washington, having been for eight years the resident commissioner from the Philippines to Congress. The party also includes Philippine senators, members of the House of Representatives, secretaries of departments, members of both political parties in the Philippines, as well as representatives of agriculture, industry, commerce, capital, labor, education and the press.

In presenting the resolutions of the Philippine legislature to Secretary of War Baker, Mr. Quezon described the feeling of the Filipino people on the subject of independence by saying: "The Philippine Mission, Mr. Secretary, is here charged with a high and solemn obligation. It is enjoined with a noble and sacred trust. It is instructed to present the great cause so essential and necessary to the happiness and existence of the entire Filipino people. I refer to our national birthright to

of your occupation of the Islands is replete with achievements great, and results splendid. You have truly treated us as no nation has ever before treated another under its sway. And yet you—and none better than you—will understand why, even under such conditions, our people still crave independence, that they, too, may be sovereign masters of their own destinies."

All Motorists will be Polite to this Traffic Officer

TRAFFIC "copette" is a term that the flexible lexicon will have to form companionship with in the immediate future. The phrase is descriptive of the first woman traffic officer in the world, and fits the designation of Mrs. Leola King, newly-appointed traffic director in Washington. She is also the first



CHARLES H. SCHWAB

The man who understands more laboring men and knows more capitalists than any man in the world. His war record speaks for itself—and his men cheer for "Uncle Charley" while his wealthy friends "come across" when he asks for contributors or otherwise. The typical American business man—all will agree



MRS. LEOLA KING
The first woman traffic officer in the world

be free and independent. We, therefore, formally submit hereby the vital and urgent question of Philippine independence to you, and thru you to the government of the United States, in the confident hope that it shall merit a just, righteous, and final settlement.

"Thru the joint labor of Americans and Filipinos, the history

woman to be assigned a police precinct at the national capital.

"She is the regular stuff," says Lieutenant Albert J. Headley, her superior officer and tutor in traffic lore. "She will soon become seasoned to her work. It is difficult work for a woman, since traffic duties are the most important of the policeman's work. It requires steady pluck, quick wit, a ready eye and firmness to meet all classes of men," says the superintendent of the traffic police.

The first woman traffic director became so of her own volition. She relinquished a job in the Ordnance Department for the more "manly" task. She thus contributed to the winning of the war while her husband, Captain E. H. King of the Medical Corps, United States Army, was helping Pershing in France. Mrs. King was formerly a school teacher in Delaware.

The uniform of the traffic "copette" bears some resemblance in style and makeup to the suit of the Red Cross Woman's Motor Corps. The uniform is of navy blue, with blue cap of overseas style, the puttees are worn to produce a uniformity of effect. Mrs. King is empowered to carry a revolver and is also provided with a blackjack. She is stationed at 7th and K streets, Northwest, and her hours of duty are from ten o'clock in the morning until six in the evening.

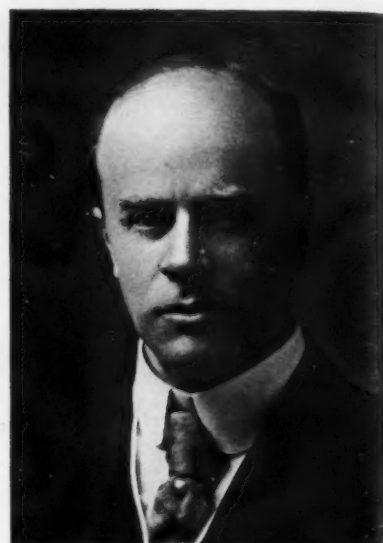
"Be brief—no useless conversation," is the legend projecting



HON. JOSEPH E. RANSDALL
Senator from Louisiana, who is urgently pressing legislation for a permanent Merchant Marine



LOUIS A. COOLIDGE
Chairman of the committee for welcoming the Bay State's home-coming heroes



HON. ANDREW J. PETERS
Mayor of Boston, who has worked unceasingly for the welfare of the Hub's returning soldiers

itself from the traffic umbrella. It is designed to forestall lengthy conversations from hangers-on who might be captivated by the charming woman.

Senator Ransdell is Cheer Leader for Merchant Marine Rooters

IF there is one thing the World War has taught the American people, it is the necessity of a Merchant Marine. As a Representative in Congress, Senator Joseph E. Ransdell of Louisiana began his public career a close student and ardent supporter of the Merchant Marine. When he called a conference of business men from all parts of the country in Washington to consider the subject, it was attended by several hundred enthusiastic Merchant Marine propagandists. The result was a permanent organization to look after this all-important matter. Senator Ransdell's opening address was a thoro, lucid, and broad-minded presentation of the situation. Every one of the millions of returning soldiers understand, as never before, the necessity of a Merchant Marine. Every man who has sailed the sea realizes it. Sectional differences and mere selfish interests will not be permitted to stand in the way of legislation in the future, because the influence of these soldiers returning from overseas is going to force the issue and bring the subject home to the people.

No matter what our economic policies may be, the one thing that is sure and certain is that an American Merchant Marine must be included in all plans for the future. How this is to be accomplished is another question, but as long as there is unanimity there should be a united effort, that will bring the American flag to its own, with a Merchant Marine representing not merely profits in trading and exports, but one which will bring the people of the world to understand, as never before, the ideals and purposes of what is represented by the flag. When this is done it will not be necessary to have long parleys in peace conferences to establish the American's devotion to a world peace, and a League that will forever eliminate the possibility of future wars.

Senator Ransdell is a legislator who has the reputation of never letting go, and he is to be congratulated on the success of his efforts for a permanent Merchant Marine. His address in the Senate was a still further comprehensive discussion of this all-important subject that glows with a vision of practical results.

Louis A. Coolidge Extends Glad Hand to Returning Massachusetts Heroes

IN the welcome accorded the 26th Division in April, 1919, Governor Calvin Coolidge, speaking for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, has certainly indicated the Old Bay State's love of her loyal and valiant sons. It is the assurance of this appreciation that has made Massachusetts first in the response to patriotic calls. The chairman of the committee for welcoming returning soldiers is Mr. Louis Arthur Coolidge, treasurer of the United Shoe Machinery Corporation. Altho of the same name, he is not kinfolk, except in spirit and enthusiasm, to the Governor, who has made the first concern of his administration the care of the returning soldiers. L. A. Coolidge is a familiar name at the national capital. He was called to Washington in 1888 as secretary to Senator Lodge, then Congressman, and later became a correspondent in the press gallery. Since leaving

newspaper work, he has had a noteworthy career as chairman of the Welfare Department of the National Civic Federation. His practical ideas have been fruitful of results. As chairman of the National Committee on Welfare Work, Advisory Commission, Council of National Defense, and member of the Shipbuilding Labor Wage Adjustment Board of the United States Shipping Board, he has achieved execu-

tive triumphs of high order. During the war he gave most efficient services to the Massachusetts Committee on Public Safety, of which he was a member. It was fitting and appropriate that one who had rendered such splendid war services should have been made chairman of the Massachusetts committee appointed by Governor McCall in December, 1918, to welcome the returning soldiers, sailors, and marines. No man



JAMES SCHERMERHORN
Editor Detroit Times

THREE (EDITORIAL) GRACES
WILLIAM MARION REEDY
Editor Reedy's Mirror

JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE
Editor National Magazine

could have been chosen whose genial smile will be more "welcomed" in an official, as well as a personal way. It is not only in smiles, but in actions that the work of Mr. Coolidge has counted, and he has made the return of the Massachusetts soldiers from overseas a memorable event in the history of the Commonwealth.

*Last Loan Makes a
Total of \$24,000,000,000 Obligations*

LOOKING facts and figures square in the face, Mr. James Rattery of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York has made a careful survey of the future of taxation. As he says: "We were willing to give the utmost to vindicate our rights and make the world safe for democracy, and now that we have performed that task, we must prepare to make further sacrifices until all our financial obligations have been met." He looks forward coolly to the comparison of the pre-war budget of seven hundred and fifty millions, to the present budget of not less than three billions, and the translation from millions to billions comes without a shock. The last Government loan tips a total of nearly twenty-four billions of Government obligations, on which interest alone will run far over a round million. Of this we have due from the Allies about eight billions, which will reduce our debt service to seven hundred million. It makes one dizzy to talk these figures, but there they are fixed and immutable. The expenditures for military,

permeated the grim tax collector's domain, and gives the people a breathing spell between the tax assessments, that roll on like Tennyson's "Brook."

*Secretary Lane's Efforts for
Soldier-Settlement Legislation*

ALTHO Congress adjourned without bringing to a vote the proposed legislation which, if enacted into law, would have made it possible for the Department of the Interior to begin work immediately on the construction of soldier-settlements and provide work and homes for thousands of our



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COLONEL EDWARD M. HOUSE

Confidential adviser to the President, who is taking a prominent part in the deliberations of the Peace Conference



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HON. THOMAS NELSON PAGE

American ambassador to Italy—a strong force for friendship between the Italian people and the United States

returned soldiers, sailors, and marines on reclaimed land, the fact that the bill was favorably reported in both the House and Senate, and the nation-wide approval of the plan as evidenced by the hundreds of letters of endorsement received daily at the Department, have led Secretary Lane to take the stand that there is every reason to believe that a similar bill will be favorably considered at the coming special session of Congress. He is accordingly continuing the preliminary work of investigation as far as the limited funds at his disposal will permit, and is also endeavoring to ascertain for the information of Congress the attitude toward the plan of as many men in the service as he is able to reach thru the distribution of questionnaires at the various camps and naval stations throuth the country.

Secretary Lane is in thoro accord with Congressman Taylor, of Colorado, the author of the bill introduced at the last session of Congress for putting the soldier-settlement plan into effect, who said:

"I can only say to the House and to the country, and to

naval and state departments will continue heavy, but the past has revealed that the American is equal to any emergency in adjusting himself to conditions. He sees a better and more thoro efficiency in business operations, eliminating waste, that will enable the country from its earnings to meet the increased tax burden. The arrangement of paying taxes in quarterly installments indicates that the spirit of tolerance has even

the many thousands of our splendid boys who will be sorely disappointed by this failure of the House to pass this bill or act upon this subject, that I will reintroduce the bill on the opening day of the next session of Congress and push the measure with all the energy I possess, and I sincerely hope and believe that it will be speedily enacted into law. And I also hope that instead of the appropriation being for \$100,000,000, it may be five times that amount; because even then we will not, in proportion to our wealth and resources, be doing nearly as much for our returning soldiers as is being done by Canada, Australia, and all other English-speaking countries. I am not only confident that this measure will be adopted, but I firmly believe it will go down in history as one of the great constructive policies of our country."

Many of the state legislatures have not met recently, but a large number of the states have already taken action by appropriate legislation or by the appointment of committees to cooperate with the Federal Government in connection with the soldier-settlement plan of the department.

*Census Records the Material
Progress of a Decade*

UNCLE SAM scratches his head and exclaims, "How time flies!" as the census speedily comes round—like a ninety-day note. Preparations are already being made for the fourteenth census of the United States of America. These decades are the landmarks of the progress of the republic. Every ten years has revealed a growth that illuminates history. The fourteenth census on farms will begin early in January, 1920.



NITÉ, ITALIAN MINISTER OF FINANCE

A member of the Italian Commission to America, a pronounced admirer of American financial methods, and acclaimed as one of the coming men of the new Italy

This time of year was selected because the farmers are busy later with their plowing and the rush of spring work. Farmers will consequently be the first to give in the figures that will make the wonderful record to be revealed to the world in the census of 1920. The commission includes L. M. Estabrook of the Department of Agriculture, H. C. Taylor of the University of Wisconsin, who is in charge of the Farm Management Depart-

ment, and C. F. Warren of Cornell, who was familiar with the work of the 1910 census. The work of the farm census is considered fundamental in making up the census. It was so important that the Secretary of Agriculture cabled the President



VITTORIO ORLANDO, PREMIER OF ITALY

High tension prevails at the Peace Conference over the Italian situation. The secret pact of London, only recently made public, by the terms of which France and Great Britain agreed to Italy's claim of Fiume, is proving a serious stumbling block to the progress of the negotiations. Late information from Versailles is to the effect that Premier Orlando has withdrawn from the deliberations of the Council of Four, in consequence of President Wilson's firm declaration that Fiume, which is the natural outlet on the Adriatic for Hungary, Bohemia, and the Southern Slavs, must go to the Jugo-Slavs

for immediate action, providing that the Food Administration Grain Corporation be maintained to assist in the work of gathering the first figures to be included in a census—commemoration of the tercentenary of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in 1620—when their heroic struggles recorded the grim census of starvation and death in the founding of a great republic.

*Not an Oasis in all that Vast
Expanse of Burning Sand*

THEY evidently came from Baltimore, the only two "left-overs" I had seen in all the bone-dry days at Washington. Attired in dress suits, they appeared Sunday morning after a night of evident hilarity. As they reeled down the street they looked like sandwich men. On one blazing shirt bosom was marked "Out," and on the other "In," so they were called the "Out and In" twins. It was regarded as evidence of the passing of drinking days. To see youth reeling—youth and manhood so frittered away—did not seem funny any more, but rather pathetic. The world has ceased to laugh at the antics of a drunken man. And the procession of the "Out and In" seemed suggestive of the working of the District of Columbia prohibition law, "out" of Washington and "in" at Baltimore; but after July 1 it may be different.

The Home-Coming of the Yankee Division

EVERY city, village, hamlet, and many isolated country homes have felt the thrill of the home-coming of the soldiers from overseas. It is a new sensation to generations that have followed the Civil War days.

As in the past, official records will not be sufficient to complete the history of the year. Scenes and incidents related by the officers and John Doughboys in their home-coming must be included in the annals, and memoranda from the millions

of letters received from the boys "over there" treasured as relics in the homes wherever waved a service flag, are already a part of the national archives.

Memories of those days when the United States entered the war, when the volunteers responded, followed by the card register and drawings for the selective draft, the mobilization of a great army in the cantonments, is already recalled with a glow of reminiscence. What prophet would have dared to predict in detail two years ago what is now world history? America, exultant, is most gloriously portrayed in the rousing welcome home. The honor rolls of state, city, village, or hamlet, whose pride in their own boys begun when the homes gave up their flower of manhood, is the spirit of America triumphant. The mobilization of the home units of this country makes the U. S. A. the greatest nationalized people on earth.

* * * *

The welkin of this welcome comes with the clear tone of the Liberty Bell and echoes of the gratitude of generations to come. The completed chronicle of the war may be far off, but there is a thrill in the heroic records of the various divisions of the army and of every activity associated with the war. Whether wearing the maximum three gold stripes, indicating eighteen months' service overseas, or the silver stripe of service in the United States—every man in service is included in the all-pervading glory of the khaki and the navy blue—sufficient for all in the outstretched arms of the people in a "Welcome Home."

Personal experiences now begin to flow. The first tremor of

*Greetings to you my dear
Mr Joe & Luffie and good
luck to you in telling of the
heart hearted love of the Yankee
Division at the front at
Boucq. in France -*

C. P. Edwards -

Apr. 17 1919 -

actual war came to me when I was with the 26th Division in the Boucq Sector. Can I ever forget that first day at the birthplace of Joan of Arc, or when I first put on the gas mask when riding into Neufchateau on my way to Toul to division headquarters. I carried the little flag given by the women of Boston, a present to the "Y. D." Division, the first complete division to take over a complete sector. As I drove along the camouflaged roads, where the troops were moving to and fro from the trenches,

ready for the grim task at the Front, I looked into the faces of veterans. They did not seem the same individuals that had hailed from Camp Devens—the baptism had come. They gathered around me like flies, because I was a "fellow from home," and my civilian clothes were a curiosity to these already war-worn eyes accustomed to the monotony of khaki. They exclaimed: "Gee, it just seems like mother's skirt!" "Did you really come from home?" "Just let us look at you." This incident foreshadowed to me the emotion aroused in these home-coming days.

* * * *

Walking up the hill to the headquarters of General Clarence R. Edwards at Boucq came to me the gruesome realization of war. Soon after my arrival the General was called that night to the telephone and left at once for the hospitals to see some of his boys, who were dying. Before the early dawn he was out inspecting the front-line trenches, studying the maps and shaking his head at the ominous silence of the Huns during the hours of the night. Every moment had its thrill.

In the very beginning the emblem "Y. D."—Yankee Division—marked the distinctive unity of the 26th Division, including the National Guard troops of New England. There was a morale and spirit among the soldiers that foreshadowed a record for gallantry and skill in arms unsurpassed. The intrepid sacrifice of "the Saviors of Paris," as they were called by the French generals, prompted the selection of the 26th as one of the ten divisions chosen by General Pershing to march on to the Rhine with General Foch. These were the days when



A BATTALION OF INFANTRY
EN ROUTE TO THE CEREMONIES
AT WHICH THE CROIX DE
GUERRE WAS CONFERRED ON
LIEUT. C. R. HOLMES AND
SERGEANT MURPHY

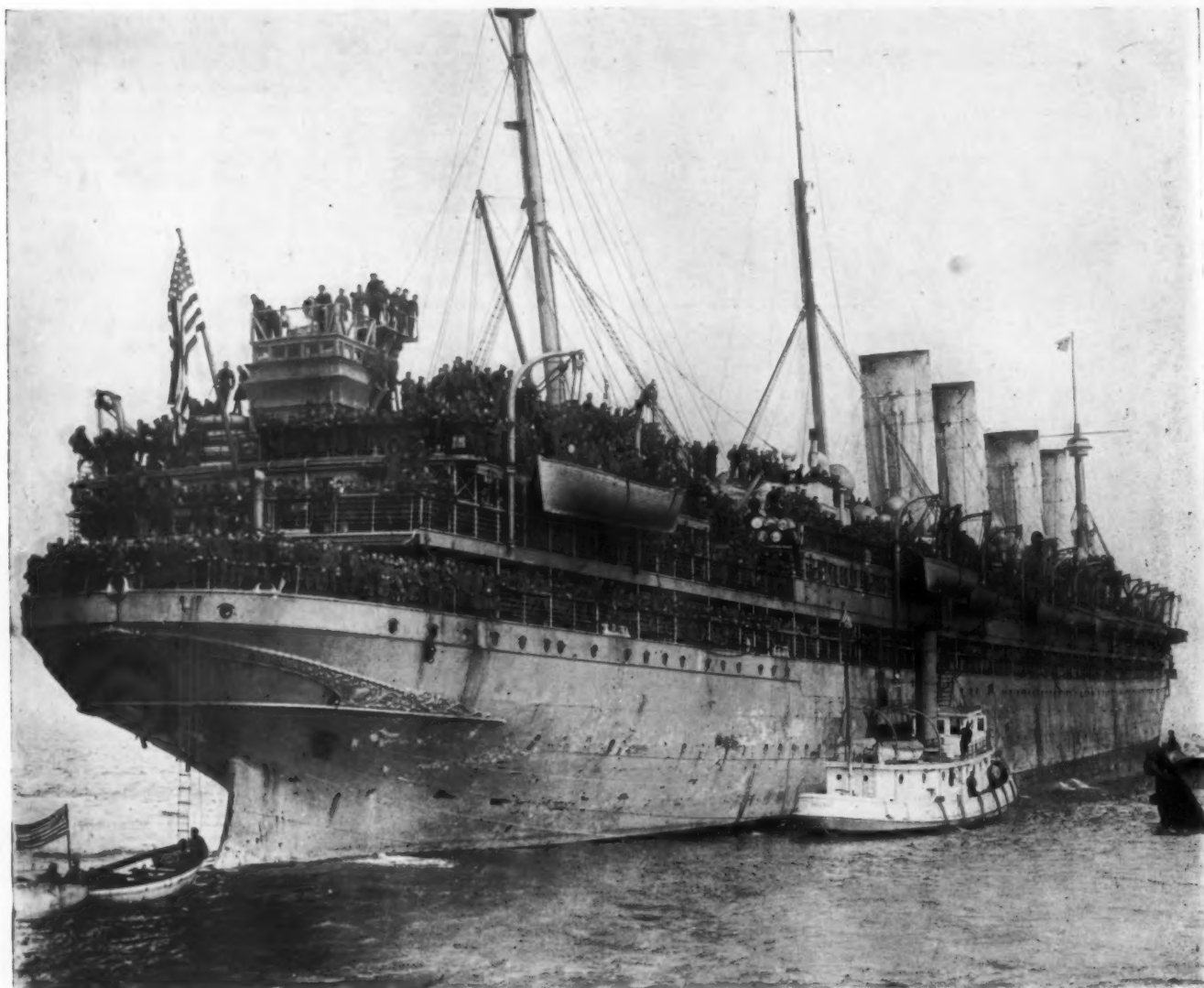
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thousands were lost in the very last of the desperate fighting at Meuse, Argonne and Verdun. The division, worn out by months of excessive fighting, their horses exhausted or dead, could not go, but the honor, glory, and the fame of a conquering army remained for them, even if they did not join the Army of Occupation.

When the 26th Division began the fighting that won the long record of citations and decorations, I was with them and felt the thrill of a fellow from home—that these were days of glorious achievement. Over one hundred and fifty were cited for bravery, while more than half a thousand were awarded the distinguished medal of the American army or the *Croix de Guerre* of the French. What all this cost is told in the hospital

ments of all New England were consolidated and brought up to the full strength of four infantry regiments. The plans were for the Rainbow Division to go first, with representatives from thirty-eight states, but the Yankee Division was ready, and has the distinction of being the first complete division to go overseas by several months.

The long and continuous service of the 26th at the front is a matter of military record. They had nine months of excessive fighting, interrupted only by being transferred from front to front, covering over twelve thousand miles on the grim business of war. It was at the second battle of the Marne that they delivered the blow that sent the Hun reeling back from the salient, and the fighting at St. Mihiel sector, and at Metz,



Courtesy of The Boston Globe

THE "AGAMEMNON" ENTERING EASTON HARBOR WITH SIX THOUSAND RETURNING HEROES OF THE 26TH DIVISION

records and the little crosses where their comrades sleep in their blankets in the soil of France. There is a bond between men who have faced death on the field of battle that nothing can sever.

* * * *

When General Edwards organized the division and took it overseas, he molded it into a combat division. The glorious record of the 26th began at Chemin-des-Dames, and was added to at Toul, at Chateau-Thierry, and the second battle of the Marne, at St. Mihiel, and on the Meuse and at Verdun, until the final fourteen days which preceded the armistice. General Edwards in those days was more than a commander; he was a father to the boys, and they knew him as such. His leave-taking was a great blow to them, for he will always remain to the Yankee Division "Our General," and the one who was with them when they received their first baptism of blood.

Called into service July 25, 1917, the National Guard regi-

ments of all New England were consolidated and brought up to the full strength of four infantry regiments. The plans were for the Rainbow Division to go first, with representatives from thirty-eight states, but the Yankee Division was ready, and has the distinction of being the first complete division to go overseas by several months.

The long and continuous service of the 26th at the front is a matter of military record. They had nine months of excessive fighting, interrupted only by being transferred from front to front, covering over twelve thousand miles on the grim business of war. It was at the second battle of the Marne that they delivered the blow that sent the Hun reeling back from the salient, and the fighting at St. Mihiel sector, and at Metz,

and in the Argonne country and Verdun, proved that they were real shock troops, for their work was done where desperate fighting was required. The artillery, trained in the ancient camp near Rennes, established by Napoleon, won fame for rapidity and accurate firing before they left this historic camp. It was speed-increasing methods that counted with the Americans, and the artillery of the 26th won high praise from the Allied commanders. The Division seems to be particularly well-balanced, for the work of the 101st Engineers won distinction, not only for fighting qualities, but for efficient battlefield construction work. They were constantly associated with the veterans of the Allies, and especially the 11th Army Corps, who adopted them as their godsons. Under the heavy shell fire at Soissons and at Rimau-court, they marched in the chill of winter over muddy roads, but the men were always eager and ready for any responsibility assigned to them.

When the great German drive in March began, pushing over the positions they had just vacated, the Toul Sector was taken over. It rained and snowed, and the officers and privates were soaked to the skin day and night, but it did not dampen their enthusiasm. When the sector of eighteen kilometers, the longest that had been held by an American Division on the

it for the splendid services it has rendered here to the common cause."

This was only an overture. As the 26th traveled in Junetime for the rest billets, said to be located near Paris, they were in "high glee." But there were no rest billets—they were swept back east of the Marne Front to relieve the Second Division,



By permission, copyright, Addison L. Winship

Men of 103rd Infantry bringing German machine gun out of dugout



By permission, copyright, Addison L. Winship

"Have a doughnut." Salvation Army girls on the job at Ansanville



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Battery D, 103rd F. A., firing from camouflaged position, Mandres, May 12, 1918



By permission, copyright, Addison L. Winship

Boys of the front line trench receive food from food detail, Co. M. 102nd Infantry, Aizy, March 5, 1918

Western Front, was taken, the Huns gave them a warm welcome, the first concentrated attack on American troops. That day at Seicheprey was the first real battle the American troops were engaged in. Here was where the real heart and guts of the 26th Division was put to the test, which won the enthusiastic praise of General Passaga, who stated in general orders:

"At the moment when the 26th Division of the United States is leaving the 32d French Corps, I salute its colors and thank

including the Marines, who had so heroically stopped and checked the most menacing of German drives.

The commander of the sixth French army, General Degoutte, in commenting on the work of the Yankee Division at Chateau-Thierry, said:

"The 26th Division alone is responsible for the whole Allied advance on the Marne. They are shock troops par excellence!"

Here the Yankee Division were to fight the second battle of

Chateau-Thierry, and in these critical days stop the thrust of the German drive, and make the initial drive that for the following months kept the Hun continually pushing back until he surrendered.

While stationed at the town of Vaux, which I saw after the armistice, a crumbled mass of ruin, I looked upon the spot where the New England boys had held the ground, where there was not even a territorial between them and Paris. When the Yankee Division arrived, the Huns began intense firing, and without trench or shelter the Yankee boys held their ground with the spirit of the minute-men at Lexington and Concord.

Here in June occurred what has been pronounced the most severe bombardment of the war, where the Allied lines from forward to rear were deluged with high explosives and gas. The Germans struck in massed formation, forcing the French back across the Marne. The last desperate effort of the Hun occurred during these days when the Yankee Division held firm and turned the tide of war. The picked troops of the German army, the famous Prussian Guards and Bavarians, were in this fighting, but the Yankee Division was not content with pushing the Hun on to the north—the "Doughboy" of the U.S.A. could not be stopped. They insisted on taking objectives ahead of time, and then pushing on. The records of July are covered in the orders of General Degoutte.

Worn out with day after day of fighting, with horses in pitiable condition, the Division moved to Chatillon, where the boys rested while in anticipation of the promised furlough. This seven days of all their own, free from the voice of the commanding officer, was not to be realized. Orders arrived to proceed to the front again, and in the spirit of "*C'est la Guerre*," the 26th swung in line to do vital work in whittling away the St. Mihiel salient.

Nearly all of the work was done at night, in spite of the rain and long hours of darkness in freezing cold, without even being permitted to smoke, because of the betraying light of the match. The men slept during the day in their soggy wet blankets, and camped in the forest, where thirty thousand French soldiers had given up their lives in stemming the German tide.

In the critical point of the St. Mihiel sector is Troyon, now known as the New England sector, where the Yankee Division took twenty-four hundred prisoners and received a commendation from the liberated prisoners whom they rescued.

Time after time came the hearty and enthusiastic appreciation of the Allies, and General Blondiat said:

"The spirit that was displayed by the troops of the 26th United States Division on this event were not in vain; they seem to me worthy of recompense."

In the early days of September the New England boys found themselves in the thick of the fray, and they remained there until the clock struck the fateful hour of eleven on November 11. It was in September that they made that famous feint at Dommartin on the plains of the Woivre, and participated in a battle in the region of Sivry-sur-Meuse, for here the Germans were massing their troops to stay the rush of the American army, and within fifteen miles of the famous Verdun, in October, the Yankee Division took over the sector.

Thru this wilderness of shell-torn land and ghastly waste, the 26th Division, in their drive against Bois Haumont, Bois de Ville, Bois Belleau and Bois d'Ormont are records of those bloody closing days that constitute a record unparalleled for valor.

The chill of the November days still found them pushing toward the tragic four front days before the armistice was signed, when ten thousand soldiers of the 26th were killed and wounded. The 26th was again the pivot, as it had been at Belleau Woods and Chateau-Thierry, pushing on against the hellish fire of thousands of machine guns and massed artillery—but the Gricy coal fields were won. They sustained shell fire that no soldier had ever witnessed before. With ravines filled with gas, and woods hidden in clouds of earth thrown up by high explosive shells, they pushed on thru barbed-wire entanglements undaunted. Those were hideous and horrible hours, but each day a mile was gained, tho thousands of boys paid the toll with

their lives. This work was summed up in the brief but eloquent words of General Bamford.

The armistice was celebrated by the 26th in the ruined city of Verdun, around which lay buried a half million soldiers—the fortress which symbolizes the valor of France in the battle-cry "They shall not pass," and it glorifies the sacrifice which won the victory.

During the death-grapple days of war, I could only see between the veil of steel, but in those weeks following the armistice what a thrilling experience it was to travel in the cold, freezing days of December over all these battlefields, finding there the very evidence of the days when they pushed on in that last heroic struggle. Here were helmets and belts, and in the abandoned huts and camps some of the letters that had been received from home—so eager and intent upon the one thing, that they move toward the objective. Here in that little triangle of the road we came upon the cemetery of the 26th Division, with its little crosses and the circle of the Stars and Stripes. Not a blade of grass or flowers to adorn those graves, and yet, when I looked upon the names and took in my hands some of the disks that hung over the crosses, I felt as they if were the petals of a flower—the flower of manhood that slept there in these ruins in the full honors of heroes. Scattered here and there over the fields are these little crosses, adorned with the Stars and Stripes, radiating the glory that can never pass.

Every foot of ground trod by the American soldiers in Ar-gonne indicated the march toward victory, and the drizzling cold rain and biting winds that swept over the rolling prairie and the dismal woods, with its sodden leaves, only served to indicate what hardships the American troops had endured. Now that they are returning, sweet are the words of "Welcome." The average soldier is loth to tell all that he has seen or suffered. The thrill of joy at being home again makes him forget those dark days of war. For in the mellow light of the eyes of their loved ones, all else is forgotten in the sweet hours of homecoming. But how pathetic it seems in the theater that there are no tunes to remind him of the days "over there." It all seems new and strange to him. They remark about it. "Have the people forgotten those songs were heard with the shriek of the shell and the cries of the dying?" Those are the songs that can never be forgotten, and they touch the mystic chord of memory. It is more than a "welcome" that is deserved. It is a job for them to get started and again take up the tangled threads of life and be permitted to enjoy the blessings for which they fought and bled. The day of reckoning must surely come for the selfish profiteer, and the slackers. Also those who, basking in the peaceful days at home, were piling up treasures, protected by soldiers who were ready to lay down their lives.

When the vessels hover in sight to the west, catching a glimpse of the setting sun on their native land, every spot on the ship was covered with the boys in khaki, craning their necks for a sight of their homeland, for these are the youths from twenty-one to thirty-one in the golden, glorious days of young manhood, who have done their work so heroically. "Welcome back!" seems but idle words. It is the handclasp, strong and firm, that greets them, without the tremor of that last farewell of a year ago. The whistles were blowing, the bands playing, and flags waving as they hustled the boys of the 26th to Camp Devens, there to recuperate for that glorious parade on April 25th, which was a "red letter" day in the history of New England—the day when our boys marched by, with the pallor of the office and the workshop now buried in the bronzed skin of the veteran.

While the Memorial Days for centuries to come will remember the graves of the fallen comrades overseas, decorated with loved tributes, don't forget the living—the men who have lived thru this and have come back in all the hope and vitality of youth, triumphant in a manhood that cannot be measured in words.

With a snappy triumphant salute and a jolly twinkle in his eye, the American soldier in khaki lays aside his uniform, eager to get back into the life and activity of full citizenship with the same dauntless spirit that has carried on the name and fame of the American soldier to a glory imperishable.

How Rouget de Lisle Wrote *the Battle Song of France*

By FRANCES HAMILTON SHIELDS



ON April 25, 1792, the Mayor of Strassbourg, Baron Dietrich, ordered the following proclamation to be posted, at daybreak, on the walls thruout the town:

To Arms, Citizens! The signal has sounded!
The flag of war is unfurled!
To Arms! We must fight, win, or die!
To Arms! Citizens! If we are determined to hold fast
our liberty, all the Powers of Europe shall see the
downfall of their dark, sinister plots against us.
Let them tremble, then, the crowned despots! Let
us march forth, let us remain free to our last breath.
Let our aims be forever the welfare of the *Patrie*,
the welfare of man!

This proclamation not only aroused the enthusiasm of Strassbourg, whose fighting spirit the declaration of war had already set ablaze, it directly inspired Rouget de Lisle's incomparable battle song, the "Marseillaise."

A few days previous (April 20) the young captain of the *Genie*, Rouget de Lisle, had received this note:

Dear Captain:

Tuesday next, on the occasion of the departure of the Volunteers, there is to be a soiree at the Place-St. Etienne. The Dietrichs have a passion for poetry. It would give me much pleasure to see you, newly-commissioned officer, amongst us there. Could you not give us the surprise of an unpublished piece, such as you are so well able to do? An answer without any periphrases, if you please!

Cordially,

KELLERMAN.

To which young Captain Rouget de Lisle answers:

General:

To any other than to a warrior of note, I would have given a negative reply to the question you do me the honor of addressing to me. My own surprise is that flattering supposition of yours. But to yourself, my superior officer, I owe obedience.

(Here follow a few phrases, *sans periphrases*, in verse.)

ROUGET DE LISLE.

Monsieur le Baron Dietrich is a *savant*, a member of the Academie des Sciences, the distinguished author of mineralogical works. He is also a friend of Lafayette, and prides himself on having been, in his day, something of a musician.

In a word the Mayor of Strassbourg was the perfect model of the gentleman of the old regime, who had done much toward preparing the new, and who, after having guided its progress forward, finds himself crushed at last, in the prodigious clash of these two opposing social orders between which he now unhappily stands.

The principal generals of the Armee du Rhin are frequent guests at Dietrich's house. One meets there Marechal Luckner, arriving to replace Kellerman, the chief of staff, Monsieur de Broglie, the Marechal de Camp, Duke d'Aiguillon (one of those who, during the memorable night of August 4th, voted the sacrifice of all privileges), and

here, too, among these distinguished guests young Rouget de Lisle, often meets his colleague, Desaix.

These men all belong to that liberal party of nobles who pride themselves upon being disciples of the new philosophy.

The Mayor's wife and daughters share in the enthusiasm of the revolutionary patriotism, the vibrations of which are more deeply felt along the frontier districts than elsewhere in the nation, doubtless because, as the poet has said: "The tremors in a threatened body are the most keenly felt in those parts that are directly threatened."

Young Rouget de Lisle went that evening to the Place-St. Etienne. At that time famine was by no means raging in Strassbourg, as Lamartine would lead us to suppose. The dinner was served in sumptuous style, and the array of bottles on the table, at the end of the repast, bore ample witness to the fact that the fine wines of Champagne had been paid the honor due them in France on evenings of "feverish enthusiasm."

The conversation had turned upon the subject of the mediocrity and plainness of French patriotic songs. Whereupon Kellerman, pursuing his idea, and with the help of Luckner, persuaded Dietrich to join them in pressing Rouget de Lisle (who was a musician as well as a poet) for a patriotic song of his own writing. The young captain had again tried to avoid the subject, but, finally, when he was hard pressed by them all, had promised to think the matter over and to make the attempt.

When Rouget de Lisle was once out of doors, the cool April night filled him with a sense of intense *bien-être*—a kind of serene exaltation of soul—for he was in that sort of fever which seizes the writer at the moment of gestation, and, besides—well, he had dined very well (he acknowledge it later). Furthermore, he had been carried away by the same enthusiasm as the people upon reading Dietrich's proclamation. The words of it still rang in his brain:

Aux Arms, citoyens! . . . the signal has sounded!
War's flag is unfurled! . . .

He lived in the rue de la Mesange, a few steps from the Place-St. Etienne. It is said that on entering this room, he

usually snatched up his precious violin from the table where it lay: "His fingers ran, seeking, over the chords," writes Julien Piersot, and mysterious fragments of song trembled into being beneath his bow:

Marchons: soyons libres! Let
us be free! . . .
War's flag is unfurled! . . .

Little by little, the melodic formula of the song stabilized itself, and verses, in which were many words heard (or read) in the divers orators' speeches of the day, came, almost of their own accord, as it were, falling into place with the rhythm of the music. He took note, successively, of the essential fragments of the first strophe, "writing down the words only,"

*allons . Enfants de la patrie!
Le jour de gloire est arrive
Contre nous de la tyrannie
L'étendard sanglant est levé.
Entendez-vous dans les campagnes
Mugir ces féroces soldats
Ils viennent jusque dans vos bras
Égorger vos fils, vos compagnons!
aux armes, citoyens! Formez vos bataillons.
marchez, qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons*

FIRST VERSE OF "MARSEILLAISE," IN ROUGET DE LISLE'S HANDWRITING



From the famous painting by Pils, in the Musée de Louvre, Paris

he tells us afterwards, his idea in doing this being simply "to preserve the order they were to occupy in the tune."

Then, in this selfsame single outburst, *le même jaillissement*, as he calls it, he writes the entire five couplets we all know; after which, overcome with fatigue and emotion, he throws himself upon his bed and sleeps long and profoundly.

The song of the Armée du Rhin, later to be called the "Marseillaise," was born!

At daybreak the fever is still upon him, and we find him rushing out to ring at the Mayor's door. He even goes so far as to have him awakened and called down, and, still vibrant with excitement, first declaims, then sings to him, in turn, the five couplets of his "hymn." Old Dietrich catches some of his enthusiasm, sits down before the spinet, and, to the best of his ability, accompanies Rouget de Lisle, as he sings.

The noise at last wakes the household, who, puzzled to know its meaning, comes downstairs, and two hours later, each one of them thrilled with admiration, is bending over the table, writing out, this one the verses, that the music, of the new patriotic song.

France, stabbed and wounded from all sides, had chosen the most humble amongst her poets, and had lent him a few hours of genius to make manifest to the whole world her beauty of spirit, her love of liberty, her glory, her eternal heroism. And then, alas! filled as her mind was with the thought of revolutions, party strifes, the consulate, the empire, and the

return of monarchy, France thinks no more, or scarcely at all, of the little *Capitaine*. The Revolution imprisons him, the consulate thrusts upon him a post entirely unsuited to him, and loses, brusquely, his services. To earn a living Rouget de Lisle is reduced to writing *de la quelconque musique sur de quelconques livrets*—any sort of

Rouget de Lisle declaiming for the first time, in Dietrich's salon, the "Marseillaise" he had composed during the preceding night

music for any sort of librettos, and drags his misery of a man of letters and musician from furnished room to furnished room—*de garni en garni*, becoming

from day to day more and more embittered against the world, until the dark hour when Clichy, the famous Debtors' Prison, opens its gates before him.

Beranger takes him out of it. General Blein and Mr. Vorart, touched with pity, lodge him in a villa at Choisy-le-Roi.

At last Louis-Philippe, whom his protectors inform concerning his misfortunes, accords him a pension of fifteen hundred francs, which is increased to three thousand francs, and creates him a "Knight of the Legion of Honor." He was then seventy-one years old. Five years later, on the twenty-sixth of June, exactly as the clock was striking midnight, he died. The people followed his bier to the cemetery. But when it had been lowered into the grave, spontaneously, some hundred laborers uncovered their heads and sang in full tones his "Marseillaise."

Joseph Rouget added to his own name that of "de Lisle," taken from a relative, in order to enter the Ecole-Militaire, which institution demanded nobility of its candidates. He was born on the tenth of May, 1760, at Sons-le-Saunier.

At thirty-five he was a rather slightly-built man of medium height. He was brave, loyal, and chivalrous, but of what the French call a *caractere difficile*.

In his extreme youth, during his courtship to a young girl in Marie-Antoinette's entourage, he had once been surprised in a *visite amoureuse* by the queen herself, who readily accorded him a gracious pardon, bestowed with one of her dazzling smiles. This little incident had sufficed to cause him to preserve, all thru his life, a tender and grateful memory of this unfortunate (ill-starred) Majeste.

But Rouget de Lisle never occupied himself in any way with

Choisy-le-Roi, 7 juin. 1834

Letter from Rouget de Lisle, enclosing copy of the "Marseillaise."

Translated from the French by F. Hamilton Shields.

Mille pardons, Monsieur, de ne vous avoir point encore envoyé la bagatelle que vous avez bien voulu me demander. une légère indisposition, un petit voyage à Paris qui m'a cruellement fatigué, m'ont empêché de le faire plus tôt; Et puis j'écris si longuement, si difficilement. Je crains d'avoir aggravié mes torts en vous adressant de la misère en question beaucoup plus que vous ne voudriez en avoir; mais vous pourrez faire justice de mon excédent de verbiage avec une paire de ciseaux.

Comptez agréer tous mes compliments et mes salutations sincères que j'espère vous remettre chez M^{de} Lan avant son départ.

Rouget-de-Lisle

A thousand pardons, Monsieur, for having so long delayed to send you this "bagatelle" you asked of me. A slight illness, and a little trip to Paris which fatigued me greatly have prevented me from doing so sooner. And then, too, I write so slowly, with so much difficulty! I fear that I have but increased the number of grievances against myself, in thus sending you much more of the "stuff" in question than you really care to read; but you can always cut short the excess of my "wordiness" with a pair of scissors. . . . Please accept my compliments and my sincere greetings, which I trust I may renew at Madame Lan's before her departure.

ROUGET DE LISLE.

politics. He is essentially a soldier-spirit, and a soldier's business is to defend the frontiers and to serve the *Patrie*. It is interesting to recall, however, that he was wounded in the campaign of Quiberon while carrying to the Emigres the summons from General Hoche. Rouget de Lisle is, therefore, a patriot and nothing but a patriot, and it is as such that he must be loved, and that history, henceforth, regards him. It is as such that he wrote and composed France's national anthem. That battle-song, let it never be forgotten, has helped to levy *en masse* entire armies in moments as critical as was recently our own.

"Send me ten thousand soldiers, or else ten thousand copies of the 'Marseillaise,'" wrote General Dumouriez, when fighting the Austrians at the frontier.

"Thanks to thy 'Marseillaise,' the nation has been able to raise another two hundred thousand soldiers," writes Carnot to Rouget de Lisle—Carnot, whom Rouget de Lisle detested!

"The 'Marseillaise!'" exclaimed Abbe Sertillanges, only a few months ago, in the Madeleine at Paris—and from the pulpit itself—"the 'Marseillaise' is the right national song for all of us men of France, whatever be our several and individual political opinions, for it is the cry of France herself!"

The "Marseillaise" was decreed national anthem of France by the convention, 1795. Louis-Philippe, at the beginning of his reign, used to stand on his balcony, his hand on his heart, and declaim the "Marseillaise" to his people.

At that time the "Marseillaise" was sung upon any and all occasions. Soon, however, it began to appear somewhat too revolutionary, and was replaced by "La Parisienne" of Casimir Delavigne. It was not until 1879, under the third republic, that the "Marseillaise" was again decreed the national anthem. But it was only in 1889, at the time of the exposition, that Ambroise Thomas was officially entrusted by the government with the definite harmonization of the "Marseillaise" for the possibility of its being played by several military bands on the same field.

The "Marseillaise" has undergone a few changes; or rather transformations, but these are of slight importance.

In 1792 the soul of the *Patrie* entered into a soldier. This soldier was more than a great poet. He was the chosen one. And like all the chosen, after having been a hero, he was made a martyr. Soldier, hero, poet, chosen of heaven, and martyr! Are not these sufficient claims to become a part of history?

In conformity with the demand of the Municipal Council, the government decided to transfer the body of Rouget de Lisle for insepulture in the Pantheon on July 14, 1915 (the French *Fête-Nationale*) anniversary of the storming of the Bastille.

Early on the morning of that day a deputation from Paris, composed of members of the government, of the Beaux-Arts, and of the Prefecture of Police, went to Choisy-le-Roi to take official possession of the casket containing the mortal remains of Rouget de Lisle. The cortege started an hour later on its

road Paris-ward. Upon reaching the Arc de Triomphe a halt was made, then, preceded by the music of the 30th Territorials, the casket, placed upon a gun carriage of the Wars of the First Republic, was escorted to the Invalides by four squadrons of cavalry and divers delegations that had gone to meet it at the Arc de Triomphe.

The procession was a most imposing sight. All along the route from the Arch to the Invalides, down the entire length of the Champs-Elysees, military honors were rendered by troops standing at attention, under the command of General Galopin. They were the First and Fourth Zouaves, 29th and 30th Territorials, a company of Fusiliers-Marins and two batteries of artillery. Inside the courtyard of the Invalides, where stood the music and three companies of the Garde Republicaine, there was a military parade, after which the President of the republic pronounced the oration. All the remainder of that day until sunset the people of Paris passed in an unending file before the catafalque.



From the painting by J. Scherrer
ROUGET DE LISLE COMPOSING THE "MARSEILLAISE"

For Choisy-le-Roi, the previous day had been a day of farewell. The Mayor had decided to pay a last homage to Rouget de Lisle, who for the eight last years of his life had been the town's adopted son. He invited the population to join in a manifestation of a nature entirely *intime*, requesting them also to beflag their houses in honor of the occasion. His *appel* to the citizens reads thus:

Fellow-citizens:

The government of the republic has decided to transfer the ashes of Rouget de Lisle to the Pantheon at Paris. It is with deepest regret that we witness the departure of the immortal author of the "Marseillaise." Yet, because of the supreme honor thus paid him, our duty calls upon us to incline our own will before that of the nation.

The government has appointed July 14 as the date of this ceremony. Before parting from him we so venerate, and whose tomb

we have so devotedly tended these many years, the Municipal Council requests that you all do honor for the last time to the author of the anthem which for one hundred and twenty-three years has so often led our armies to victory, and asks you to come and pass before his casket, which will lie in state in the mayoralty, on Tuesday, until evening. The transfer will take place on the morning of Wednesday, July 14.

As was to be expected, not only the citizens of Choisy-le-Roi, and of the surrounding towns, Thiais, Versailles, etc., but a number of high Parisian personalities as well, came, despite the steady downpour of rain and the distance, to swell the imposing cortege which, long before the appointed hour, had formed at the Mayoralty Park gates.

If the present elegant little structure, with its pretty white ornamented walls, which was erected early in the nineteenth century upon the foundations of a princely residence of the famous Marquise de Pompadour, no longer belongs to the long-past style of the first one, at least the wonderful park, with its magnificent symmetry of lines, and its superb luxuriance of foliage, and rare beauty of flowering (Continued on page 185)

America After the War

Will the Changed Conditions Brought About by the War be Permanent?

THE great World War is finished. The signing of the Peace covenant now seems reasonably assured at an early date. America did her part—fully, freely, unselfishly. Some thousands of the young men of the nation have returned to the paths of peace—we hope that within a few months all who are left alive will be again in our midst. It has been a soul-trying period for those who went and for those who remained behind. It behooves us as a united people to consider the changed conditions that our participation in the titanic struggle have brought about. Inevitably we must face economic problems that have never before concerned us. It will be impossible for us to assume the *ante status quo*.

From an insular nation, the United States has over night become a world power. We must learn to adjust ourselves to the new conditions that will inevitably arise.

The war has developed latent resources of the country which will continue to be utilized. The individual as well as the nation is beginning to inventory his reserve, his needs and his activities. This means, necessarily, a weeding-out of non-essentials. Is it necessary?—is it useful?—are the tests.

Will we ever return to the ways of the past? Or will we, after the war, continue in the "better way" which necessity has pointed out to us? The latter course would seem the logical one, surely.

The elimination of waste made necessary by the war will continue. In itself, this will go a long way toward paying for the actual cost of the war, for the positive concrete saving multiplies with each succeeding month and year to gigantic proportions. Viewpoints have been broadened by war's necessity until the plans of the people include not only their own personal interests, but the advancement of other people and even other nations.

In the struggle for world liberty, the American people have been shaken out of their isolation and have indeed become citizens of the world. In fighting for an ideal, America has grown in vision, which means that our country will no longer be content to belong to the swine herd of commerce—alone intent upon the "almighty dollar," as is charged against this nation by its enemies.

The war has brought an appreciation of those things which endure in reflecting the soul or character of a nation. A people's relation to the arts—sculpture, music and literature—which we have not had time to consider before, is now recognized as paramount to a nation's glory; as exemplified in France. The strenuous activity of war times has made our nation see further than mere creature comfort and appreciate the real beatitudes of life and their relation to the tragic sorrow that is refining and welding the spirit of our people toward a realization of ideals, that the propaganda of a century could not hope to accomplish.

We are considering things we never took into account before; considering in million multiples, for instance, the small individual percentage of sugar lost in the larger lump or that drops from the spoon, or the siftings of tobacco from the package to the cigarette or pipe—all this waste amounts to something in the aggregate. The use of fifteen per cent of rye and other flours in white bread would be enough to furnish all the white flour needed to support an army of a million men.

Under the pressure and necessity of the hour, perplexing problems have solved themselves, such as government control of railroads, strikes, etc. In the case of railroads, government control means no taxes, and no insurance; it means a saving in damage suits and in extra service. It has done away with ex-

pensive trains run at a loss simply to serve the few rather than the many. Affairs will adjust themselves so that people can devote more time to the things worth while. The necessities of life must be protected by the government hereafter. No profiteering or speculation will run rife in the future, and the old species of manipulation will be as obsolete and reprehensible as piracy and brigandage. The war, more than any other thing, has brought us face to face with the understanding that the other fellow's necessities are, after all, our own; that the weal of each individual is the common welfare of all.

The idle women of the country, who formerly whirled about in vain search of sensation and excitement, have found outlet for their energies in war work—knitting, making surgical dressings, serving in canteens, and driving cars. They have found use for their hands other than as implements for the display of jewelry, whose only skill lay in the handling of "bridge" decks. Such women have found contentment in being of use. Will they return to their former hectic chase of pleasure?

It is in the people themselves that a change has taken place. They have learned in the various drives for Liberty Loan and Red Cross, the ease with which much can be accomplished when there is organization—when they "get together." The Liberty Loans went "over the top" because of highly-specialized concentration, mobilizing every energy and organizing every latent ability of the country's people.

With two billion dollars sold in War Savings Stamps, will the "savings habit" be abandoned after the war? Will we swing back the pendulum to the profligacy of the past when natural resources were consumed wantonly, wastefully? The thrift movement, regarded as a war necessity, is not the result of sudden impulse. For years, thru the savings banks of the country a vast educative campaign for thrift has been conducted. The small home savings banks have always been the bulwark of our financial strength and power, in that they have provided the means of practicing thrift in the home. Many millions of these small banks have been distributed during the past fifteen years and the people realize more than ever the practical benefits of savings. And now, more than ever, the children in their formative years, are being taught habits of thrift.

Thus, unconsciously, the country was preparing for this great need. From the earliest colonial days, the thrift of the New Englander has been proverbial. The small rocky farms supported large families and, no matter how little was made, by process of self-denial, something was put aside for a "rainy day." With such a heritage, may we not hope for a long continued national thrift?

In stimulus to invention alone, the world has been shot ahead a hundred years. Railroad express trains are sure to be supplanted by airplanes for mail and fast passenger service. Highways will be dotted with auto trucks for short hauls of freight; canals and rivers developed for heavy bulk transportation. Common sense will have its day. People will not live on less, but they will live better—more fully.

World history chronicles the passing of the sceptre from absolute to constitutional monarchy; thence to representative government by the middle class, and now comes the power into the hands of the proletariat. A revolution is nothing more than the passing of control; consequently, an observer notes that economic, sociological, governmental, inventive and psychological progress—all of which encompass the welfare of the individual—make the luxuries of the past the necessities of the present.

How Munition Plants Were Guarded

By AUSTYN GRANVILLE

THE problem of efficiently guarding munition plants during time of war is one on which a great many minds have been focussed. The popular notion that every superintendent, foreman and boss is a self-appointed sleuth on the lookout for German spies, and devotes a large portion of his time to the investigation of plots against the plant and its employees, receives a somewhat rude shock when investigated. The average overseer of labor, skilled and unskilled, within the walls of a munition plant, has



PROVIDING THE "SINEWS OF WAR."

The making of cartridge cases in an American gun shop that supplied "Pershing's Crusaders" with ammunition

about all he can attend to in keeping up production. The pace is as tremendous as the output must be prodigious. The pressure put upon him by his superior officers is so great that he has about all he can do to keep up with the procession. Producing shells of different calibers, and arms which must measure up to the most exacting standards of accuracy, he is kept under a high nervous strain. He has little to say. The president of one of the big Bridgeport (Connecticut) companies once boasted, that, compared to his foremen, a deaf mute could be called a chatterbox. The impression conveyed, as they move from machine to machine, silently, speechlessly, is that their duties are of the routine kind, and call for little, if any, real brain work. The very opposite to this is the actual fact.

So the little story of the man who sustained a fracture of the skull, and on coming out of the ether was informed by the doctor that his brains had been removed and they could not get them all back again, and who replied, "That don't matter much, doctor, I'm a foreman in the Winchester Arms," is a base calumny. The foreman needs all his gray matter to meet the shifting needs of the hour.

How, then, were munition plants guarded? It is not permitted in these parlous times to tell all one knows, but something could be said for the benefit of the folks who were paying the piper whose gigantic performance aroused the mingled wonder and admiration of the whole civilized world.

Sleuths there were, a-plenty, mostly all working under the guise of employees. These were mixed in here and there with the different classes of workers. It was impossible to detect them. One might be a barrel straightener, another might be smoothing rifle stocks, a third might be filling gauges. Both sexes were employed, and all reported at the conclusion of the day's work to the same headquarters.

The stalwart guards who, armed with vicious-looking magazine rifles, patrolled the entrances to the plant and the street

corners, and who slouched along with the tread of civilians who have never been under the eye of the army drill masters, were the outward and visible signs of protection, and doubtless they did well their part. The enemy alien could, however, get a man past the guards and the men who inspected the passes at the gates. He had only to report sick and to hand his pass to a friend. With twenty-five thousand men, women and children making their entrances and exits from one big Bridgeport plant alone, the possibilities of detection were slight. These expert spies, who came in on borrowed passes played a very dangerous game. Their pass was marked plainly with the name of the person whom they were supposed to represent, and the department in which he was working. They were liable to be asked to show it at any hour of the day. They never went to the department to which this pass assigned them, but walked along the interminable floors picking up what information they may have been sent to obtain as to the general progress of production, etc. Rarely they might stop to chat with some member of their own fraternity who had been installed as an actual worker. If he was asked where he was working, he pretended to have lost his way, or made some excuse which would account for his being away from his department. Should the man who interrogated him suspect that he was not what he claimed to be, it was "good night." Internment in some camp for the duration of the war followed. In Germany he would be "shot at sunrise."

It is possible to give only the barest outline of some of the methods pursued to render unavailing the efforts of these people, for, as fast as new preventive methods were devised, the alien enemy seemed able to circumvent them. For instance, a young secret service woman who sold oranges, nuts and candy at one of the factory gates, on the eighth day of her vigil had dropped into her basket a note which read, "Miss Blank, we are on to you. Try something else."

Before she was found out, however, this capable young lady had spotted no less than three enemy aliens who were hard at work on the task of Uncle Sam's undoing. At the house of one was found elaborate technical notes as to the manufacture of a machine gun; one was followed to New York, where he was caught red-handed delivering blueprints to a confederate. The manager of the plant was astonished at these revelations. He declared that they guarded these plans as they did their own lives. The third was an active propagandist.

A crippled sweeper who supported his limping leg with a



SHAPING A BIG GUN BY MEANS OF A LATHE

Munition makers are directly behind the men on the firing line, and the Kaiser's spies saw to it that the work was little less hazardous to life and limb

crutch as he gathered the refuse from the machines was one day unexpectedly transformed into an extremely active secret service agent, as he pounced upon a new workman who complained that his swaging machine was out of order. This man had been given, originally, charge of no less than four automatics, and never allowed more than one of them to run



BORING THE GUN BREECH

It is in such operations as this, where accuracy and precision are so essential, that the loyalty of the worker must be whole-hearted and sincere

continually at one time. The others always needed repairing, he said, and he proved it. When he was transferred, at the suggestion of the sweeper on crutches, who had been watching him narrowly, all the machines ran smoothly.

Not all the damage sought to be inflicted was of a physical kind. The German government, thru its agents, was always steadily working on propaganda. These sub-agents, who were real workmen, but who were obsessed with the idea that they must do something for Germany, generally approached some new arrival whom they suspected harbored pro-German leanings. They would try their best to win him over to the "cause," and get him to act as a sub-agent in his turn. The secret service men were perpetually running up against such cases. When nothing could be proved warranting the offender's discharge, but the suspicion that he was a German propagandist remained strong, he was at once transferred to some other department. If he still talked "Dutch," he was "canned."

A man "canned" under the above conditions was kept track of. If he attempted to obtain employment in other munition factories, the employment agent of that factory was posted concerning his past. He became a marked man. He was no longer *persona grata* with munition makers, notwithstanding he might have mechanical skill of a high order.

The cunning of the man who handles and places high explosives with intent to destroy life and property is well-nigh inconceivable. Long prior to the great catastrophe at Eddystone, for instance, every precaution had been taken to prevent anything of the kind occurring. Even the lunch-boxes and packages the men brought into the plant were examined. Two men in each section (after the plant had been divided into sections on the map) were detailed especially to look for bombs, time-clocks, infernal machines, and particularly machines which operate thru the slow but sure agency of evaporation. So little is generally known of these last-named engines of destruction that they deserve mention.

The general principle upon which the evaporation machine is constructed is simple. A very high explosive—say trinitrotoluol—occupying but small space, is enclosed in a water-tight container, its fuse sticking out slightly above the water level, and being, of course, impervious to moisture. Brown phosphorus is placed just beneath the surface in a convenient receptacle, and the machine is placed as near as possible

to some vital point, such as a magazine, loading station, or filling room. As the water evaporates, the brown phosphorus comes in contact with the air, dries and is ignited, the fuse is started burning, and another "mysterious explosion" is recorded.

To guard against catastrophes of this nature extraordinary precautions are adopted. All places where it would be possible to place such machines are not only zealously patrolled and watched, but are hitched up electrically with alarm bells in the chief's office. Traps have been laid—places which might invite the depositing of an infernal machine—and the would-be perpetrators of the crime have been caught.

Many munition plants sweep their plants and the grounds surrounding them during the darkest hours of the night with strong searchlights. But the most powerful lights will not penetrate brick walls, and tho this method has its advantages in preparing the operators for use of the light should the plants be threatened with aircraft, I doubt its efficiency, nor have I ever heard of any one being brought to book by it. Its supporters, who will generally be found to have some direct or indirect affiliations with the people who manufacture or sell the lights, claim that a strong searchlight enables a skillful operator to detect men crouching in deep shadows at a great distance. But the modern criminal does not lurk in deep shadows, like a trout. Neither does he turn up his collar around his neck, and draw the peak of his cap down over his bushy eyebrows. He does not even do it at the movies. He is always clean and generally well dressed and shaved. His chin is not a dirty blue, and he does not wipe his fevered brow with an equally dirty red bandana handkerchief. Neither is he of the long-haired, crack-brained, anarchist type, as depicted in fiction. The most dangerous of them is a man who speaks fluent, correct and even idiomatic English, and meets you with a smile. He is the really dangerous man they are looking for. This smiling, debonair, charming, good-looking young fellow whom you see being escorted by an armed guard imagines he is a hero. He was ready to kill thousands, if possible, without the slightest compunction. He was fighting, according to the lights of Kultur, for his Fatherland, whose existence he has been taught to believe was threatened by jealous rivals. This is what Kultur



PUTTING ON THE FINISHING TOUCHES

The work of inspection, as well as of actual production, offered many opportunities for enemy machination; but sharp eyes were constantly on the alert, and many a plot has seen instant extinction

brought him to. It made him one of an outcast nation. It signed the death warrant of millions of the flower of the youth of Germany. Because of this baneful influence and its sinister teachings, real white men were compelled to slaughter alleged white men who go to make up the Teutonic millions, or be enslaved. Germany rushed to its doom. Behind the Kaiser and his following stalked the headsmen.

I am the Spirit of Yankee Land; twice have I had to fight,
Now I am ready to fight again, for I know my cause is right;
For the world must be safe for democracy, not ravaged by fire and sword.
I am the Spirit of Yankee Land and the vengeance of the Lord.

"Ring Out! Sweet Bells of Peace"

THERE is nothing more interesting to me than the story of a song I love, especially at the time when I know who is responsible for the creating and popularizing of the song. Long years ago, in preparing the "Heart Songs" book, I was granted a special favor by Mr. Julius P. Witmark, the noted music publisher. He has given us permission to use many of his copyrighted songs in the book which the contributors have pronounced their favorites.

"The Witmark Black and White Series" is a trade-mark in music. It stands for the best in Beautiful Ballads (sacred and secular). Later during the war I dropped in to see him a minute—and we had a delightful hour's chat. My belated words of gratitude seemed none the less welcome. In looking about his office, I was interested in the processes thru which a popular song passes before it reaches the public. The new song, "Ring Out! Sweet Bells of Peace," which had been sung in the churches of all denominations from the Atlantic to the Pacific, on Christmas Day, and has been adopted by the War Camp Community Service in their chorus work, appealed to me. It had been sung in the schools and colleges and by the National Federation of Women's Clubs everywhere, and it was received with the same welcome accorded the dawn of peace.

Long before the war ended, Mr. Witmark had selected Mr. William H. Gardner to write the lyric, because he knew him to be a real American and one of the very best in the country for this particular class of work. It was his poem, "Thy Beaming Eyes," which the late Edward MacDowell used in that highest standard of American ballads.

On August 16th, during the days when our boys were pushing on to Chateau-Thierry and Argonne, Mr. Witmark, whose enthusiastic and patriotic work had been identified with all war activities, began to feel that peace was soon to come, and he wrote to Mr. Gardner, at the same time suggesting as the title for a song "Ring Out! Sweet Bells of Peace," as follows:

"... I would like to have something beautiful, dignified, and at the same time so simple that it could be sung equally as well by the children in school as by the greatest operatic stars."

This suggestion has become a realization, for not only is it being sung in schools thruout the country, but Mme. Frances

Alda sang it at the Victory Peace Carnival held in the New York Hippodrome, and the song is also included in the programs of Mr. Clarence Whitehill, the well-known operatic baritone, Mr. Cecil Fanning, Miss Florence Macbeth, and many other famous artists.

On November 4th, Mr. Witmark sent by boy a copy of the lyric to Mme. Caro Roma, and the lines surely must have been an inspiration to her, for on the following morning she came into his office with the finished manuscript, insisting she loved the theme so dearly she could not retire until she had finished the score. They went over the music together, made some minor changes, and *bing!*—it went to press.

Mme. Roma is one of the foremost American women composers, having to her credit such well-known songs as "Resignation," "In the Garden of My Heart," "I Come to Thee," "The Silent Voice," etc., and also wrote with Mr. Gardner the beautiful Southern gem "Can't Yo' Heah Me Callin', Caroline." Mme. Roma completed her musical education and graduated with honors from the New England Conservatory of Music. It would seem as if Mr. Witmark had a prophetic eye when he had his song for that great "peace dress rehearsal" which took place all over the country, just six days before the signing of the armistice was acclaimed to the world. The first proof copies that came from the press appeared on the same day, November 5th.

On the afternoon of November 7th while Mme. Roma was present in Mr. Witmark's office with the corrected copy of the song, and they were going over it together at the piano, bedlam seemed to break loose, horns began blowing, church bells tolling thruout the country, foretelling the great day. The song has inspired some wonderful letters of appreciation from all walks of life.

These letters include many splendid tributes from Mme. Frances Alda, prima donna of

the Metropolitan Opera Company; David Bispham, the world-famous operatic and concert baritone; Hon. P. P. Claxton, United States Commissioner of Education; Harry Barnhart, the well-known song leader; Mrs. Fannie Fern Andrews, secretary of the American School Peace League; Francis J. Tyler, organizing director of community singing in connection with the New York War Camp Community Service; Albert N. Hoxie, the noted Navy Department song leader; Miss Grace B. Faxon, one of the editors of the *Normal Instructor*



JULIUS P. WITMARK

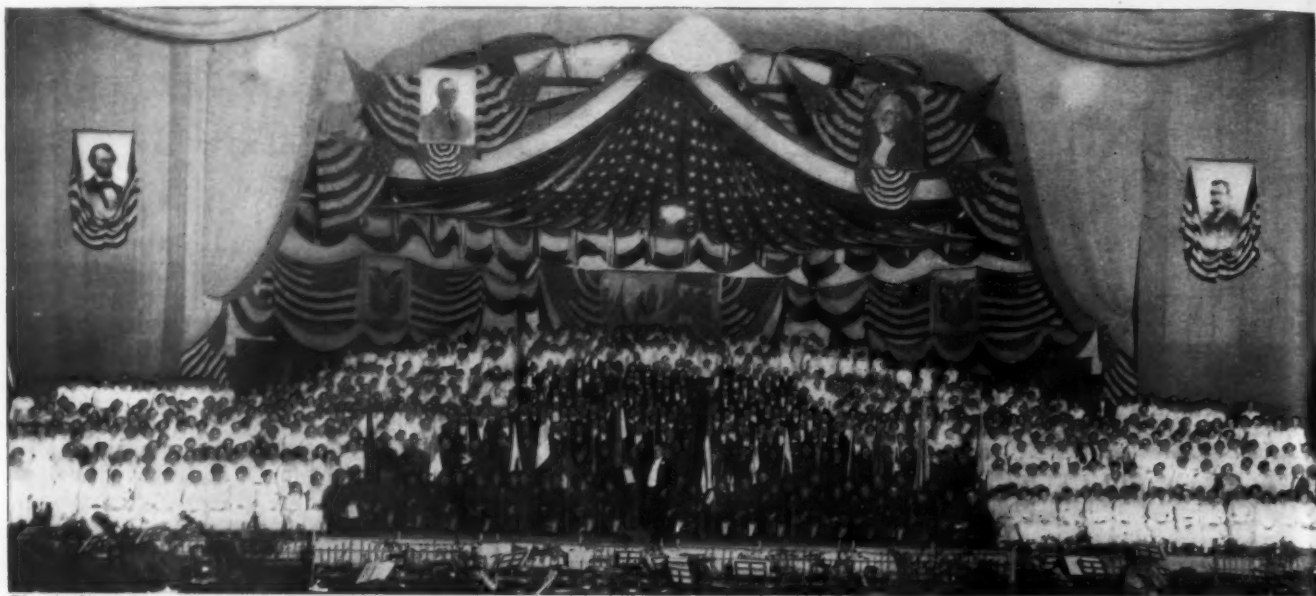


Photo by Gliner, Boston

PARTICIPANTS IN THE HUGE INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL CHORUS AT THE PEACE JUBILEE HELD IN MECHANICS HALL, BOSTON

and *Primary Plans*, etc. Mr. Barnhart was the originator of the great community chorus idea, and the song was used before an audience of four thousand, under his direction, at Buffalo during Christmas week, with a thousand trained voices. Speaking of it in his letter, he said "the effect was truly electrifying." Mr. Tyler, during the Camp Community Service, insisted that when Carnegie Hall echoed with the refrain of "Ring Out! Sweet Bells of Peace," the audience seemed to be inspired with the song. Grace B. Faxon, of the *Normal Instructor and Primary Plans*, said that the words will in themselves teach lessons in citizenship and patriotism to the school children, at the same time inspiring and thrilling them, insisting that seldom could a song be found so effective in the use of public schools. It had almost instantly become one of the most popular selections used in the programs given during the National Week of Song.

It has been on the program at many notable functions, but reached a glorious climax when it was sung in Mechanics Hall, Boston, on February 21 and 22 at the International Music

Festival, given under the direction of the Boston Chamber of Commerce. The solo was sung by the well-known basso, Lieutenant William Gustafson, Jr., the refrain by seventy-five ladies and gentlemen who had taken part in the Peace Jubilee of '69 (fifty years ago), and then repeated by them, assisted by the Boston Festival Orchestra, under the conductorship of Alfred Hallam, and a chorus of over fifteen hundred mixed voices, selected from among the very best of the singing societies of New England.



WILLIAM H. GARDNER

Writer of the lyric of "Ring Out! Sweet Bells of Peace"

It was particularly interesting to read the correspondence between Mr. Witmark, the publisher, the author of the lyric, and the composer. Mr. Gardner insisted that the lines of the new peace song came running thru his mind while participating

in the last Liberty Loan campaign in his home town in Winthrop, Massachusetts, when he was one of the captains in that final drive for raising war funds.

All this to me was a fascinating peep behind the scenes, as it were. The genius of "Ring Out! Sweet Bells of Peace," a

song of subtle and intensive power, recalled my Christmas Eve of 1918, on the banks of the Rhine where the German people and American soldiers surrounded the great Community Christmas tree adorned with the electric bulbs of red, white, and blue. Gathered about were the German children and their elders, who had come from far-off homes to look on this first community tree ever erected in Germany. The refrain of the "Noel" came from different homes here and there. In the mellow glow of the light of that Christmas

tree reflected in the swift-moving waters of the Rhine, was a Christmas scene that will ever remain memorable to me, suggestive of the blue dawn of Bethlehem on that first Christmas morn. The sentiment of this song struck a responsive chord in the hearts of a war-ridden world as the "Ring Out! Sweet Bells of Peace" were echoed across the land.

Julius Witmark as a song impresario passed the word from author to composer. What a panorama of world thought and emotion is reflected in a list of the titles of songs published by The House of Witmark, embracing songs sung in every home and in concert halls and by millions of soldiers and sailors! Think of what a grand chorus would ring out with the plaintive refrain of "There's a Long, Long Trail" were all the people who have sung it to join in union at a great peace jubilee! The American soldiers in France, marching on to the trenches, found in this song echoes of the longing for the end of the trail with its vision of greeting again the dear ones at home.



Photo by Bushnell

MME. CARO ROMA

The composer of "Ring Out! Sweet Bells of Peace"

People it Pays to Know

FRED CARDWAY

by William Edward Ross

BEFORE we knew of rapid ocean steamships, wireless, and the automotive industry, we thought in terms of cities. Then, thru more modern methods, by which distant things were brought nearer and all life made to pulse faster, we began to consider all parts of a continent within easy reach.

"The great war has brought about a further development, and we are learning how to think in international terms. No genius is required to extract the possibilities of the future from the past; it is the law of nature, of plain common sense, that the faster we move, the more ground we cover. I predict that the day is not far off when we shall dine in New York and lunch the following noon in the capital of France.

"It is time to realize the fact of the annihilation of distance, and on this fact to build up the structure of our future commerce.

"He who sees farthest will master the world.

"These ideas and principles underlie the plans for our international relations."

The man who wrote the foregoing had vision. He saw beyond the boundaries of this country into the other lands of the world, and, in seeing them, boundaries were removed, and henceforth, for him, boundary lines will be as they are in actuality—mythical things.

To create in one's mind a disbelief in limitations; to grasp the idea that we are all citizens of the same world; to see in our brother of another color another race, a world-citizen of equal rank is not gathered whole-heartedly from literature. It requires travel, seeing for oneself how the other fellow lives.

It is because Fred Cardway, foreign distribution manager of the Packard Motor Car Company, has traveled, that he was

Early in his career Mr. Cardway took unto himself a wife, likewise blessed with the spirit of daring, the spirit of seeking out those things which many women would avoid as being unsafe. On a South American trip she was the first woman to soar over the capital city of a leading republic (Rio de Janeiro) in an airship. And, also, one of the first women to make an exploring trip in a submarine.

Mr. Cardway was one of the first Americans who had the sagacity to vision the possibilities of the automobile business



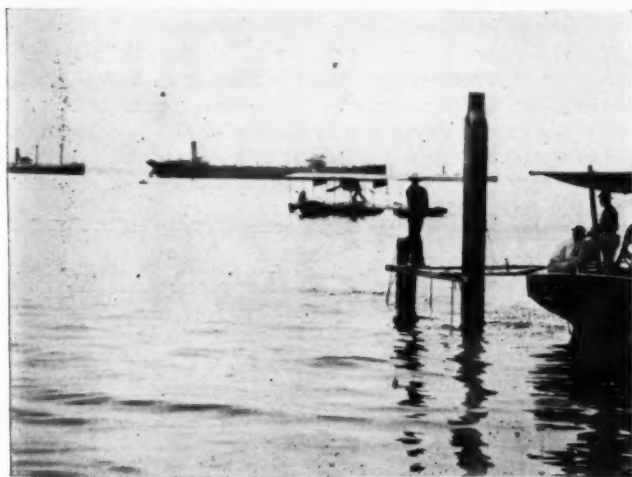
MR. AND MRS. CARDWAY, ON BOARD A SUBMARINE

in South America. At a time when bank reports represented the financial condition of most South American countries as extremely bad, he paid no attention to the unpromising aspect, but hid himself South Americaward with his Packard. With that insight which has rendered him an almost uncanny salesman, he set out to tour the country on a pleasure trip, supposedly. Many business houses would have seen in his method of doing business only financial suicide, but the Packard Company, knowing their man, let him alone. The result was that the pleasure trip developed to be what might be termed an "interest-exciter." In other words, psychologist that he is, Mr. Cardway knew that the best way to secure the South Americans' trade was to get them wondering what kind of a fool salesman he was, and thus attract attention to his car. Many of us who might try to put this across would, to use the vernacular, "get stung." Not so with Fred Cardway. He knew what he was doing. Tho others did not see it perhaps, his plans were well laid. How well may be gathered from the fact that he did not leave one South American city and enter the next before he was deluged with letters from merchants in the former city, asking for interviews, with the idea of establishing a Packard agency. At this time, no other motor car is so well represented in the South American field as is the Packard, and chiefly due to the exploits of the Cardways and their Twin-Six in South America.

In one instance, his exploits resulted in a way that Mr. Cardway tells best himself.

"After leaving the city of X—— and arriving at Y——, I received a very nice letter from an automobile dealer in the former city, stating that he was interested in the sale of the Packard. I went back, and today his concern, which is one of the largest in the country, not only handles the Packard, but American products exclusively. The manager came to the United States, visited the Packard plant, and, being thoroly convinced of the superiority of American products, married an American girl, and now—blames that to me!

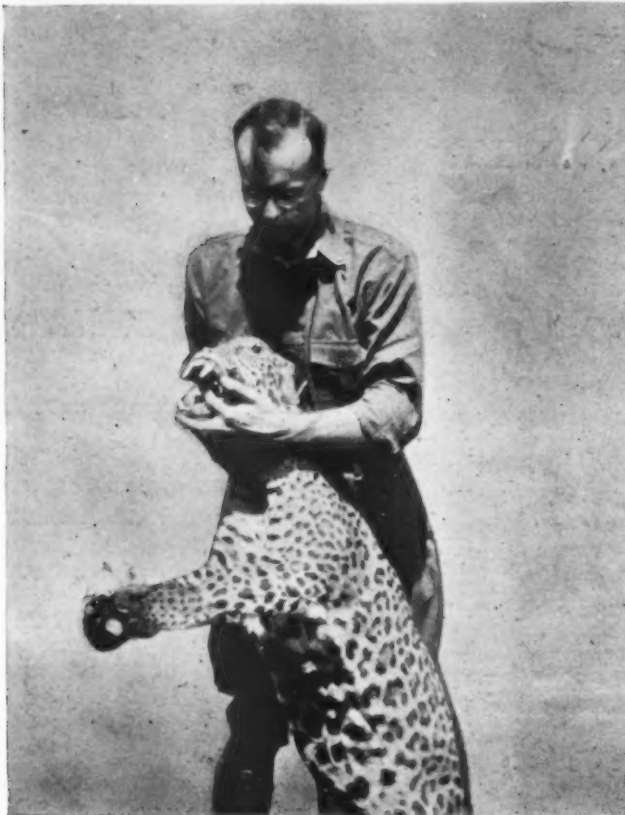
"What is the answer? When I went to South America, I realized that the first thing I had to do was to create a demand among the individuals, who, in turn, would direct the mind



MRS. CARDWAY COMMENCING HER FLIGHT OVER RIO DE JANEIRO

able to pen "The world is my neighbor!" And, what is more to the point, we believe it to be true.

Anyone who knows Cardway, however, knows that the little things in life have never appealed to him. From childhood his vision has grasped the breadth of distance and the things that lay just over the horizon's edge. In him has the spirit of adventure found a lodgment place, and because of this he has traveled from the jungles of the Amazon River to the capital of France. And because, in his travels, he has looked beneath the surface and intensively studied the depths of human nature, he is now one of America's greatest business diplomats and psychologists.



MR. CARDWAY AND A BRAZILIAN TIGER

of the automobile dealer. The South American is naturally suspicious about any foreigner or foreign product, and again I realized that I had to give him time to find out all he wanted about my product, about myself, and about the concern behind me. That is why I never talked business, but simply suggested to their minds: Who is Fred Cardway? After their mentality was working along the right lines, a satisfactory foundation of confidence was established, and a desire for what had proved itself the best America could offer was created, and, without much work, business was concluded."

Cardway thinks internationally. Tho his ways may be unusual, he applies honest, modern sales methods in his campaigns. He knows that no matter where they may be located, the men with whom he wishes to do business have human minds. After all, when you sum up success, view it in the composite, you do not find such a great amount of genius, such remarkable intuitiveness, such forensic and histrionic ability, but rather the plain, everyday faculty of using common sense. Mr. Cardway stands at the head of his profession. He has had a remarkable sales success. He has also had a lot of fun while doing business. His methods may not have been those that you or I would have employed, but they were based on the same fundamentals that we would have to use if we would succeed. The ingredients when combined comprise the following recipe, taken from the Book of Life, and written by Dr. Experience:

"To succeed: To one part of initiative, add another of courage. Mix well with equal parts of self-reliance, stickability, and thoroughness. Season with a dash of originality, a pinch of tolerance, add the salt of human understanding, shorten with forbearance, and knead the whole into cohesive form with a liberal application of common sense. Follow directions carefully, and the veriest epicure will find the results satisfactory."

ROGER W. BABSON

by Lee Somers

IN these days of readjustment following the war, one question is of supreme importance. It rises whenever men meet to discuss national affairs; it must be considered in every project the nation favors.

The relations between capital and labor after the war will be the determining factor in American progress. This country now faces the greatest opportunities it has ever known; it has the chance to establish a stupendous foreign trade and to build up a great and lasting prosperity.

But the war has revolutionized many conditions in the labor market, and a return to pre-war conditions of long hours and reduced wages can hardly fail to create resentment on the part of the American workman. The interests of the nation, therefore, demand that labor get a square deal; that wages shall not be reduced before living costs go back to somewhere near normal figures.

Roger W. Babson, nationally known as an authority on finance and trade problems, has now, perhaps, the biggest job of his career, as an official of the United States Government. That job is to educate workmen and employers alike—to teach them what each can reasonably expect and, on the other hand, what concessions the other may reasonably demand. Mr. Babson is head of the Information and Education Service of the Department of Labor, and his organization is now carrying out his ideas for the reconstruction period.

The Information and Education Service was originally established as a war organization, its work being the education of employer and employee to the necessity for devoting every effort toward extensive production of war-time needs. Thru the press, posters, public meetings, motion pictures and other channels, the message of maximum production was carried to the fifty thousand plants thruout the country engaged in war-time production, and to the great armies of workers in

mines, on railway lines and farms, and in the other essential employments of war-times.

It is no longer necessary to turn out vast quantities of shells and other munitions of war, but the message of increased production, Mr. Babson declares, is just as applicable now as when the German power was at its height.

"No one ever got rich by restricting his output," he says. "The interests of the workman and the employer are alike; the more goods the workman manufactures, the greater will be his own income, and likewise the greater will be the income of the factory owner."

Increased production, equality of opportunity, respect for property rights—these three principles, Mr. Babson believes, are the foundation of American progress. In other words, poverty, not riches, is the trouble with the world. No man should feel bitter because someone else has an automobile and a fur coat; but everyone, including the fortunate owner of those possessions, should be willing that production be organized in such a way that all those who want automobiles and fur coats may eventually be able to have them.

Good pay for the workman—a wage that will cover living costs and leave a margin; short hours, but intensive production that will mean a fair profit after wages have been paid; education of workman and employer to greater feelings of tolerance toward each other—these are principles of Mr. Babson's creed. If labor is willing to give capital a square deal, and *vice versa*, nothing, he believes, can prevent America maintaining her position as the greatest nation on earth.

The work of the Information and Education Service is being continued, as in war times, thru the channels of the press, screen and lecture platform. The policy merely has been transformed to allow for the new conditions.

Mr. Babson's career has been extremely interesting. He

was born in Gloucester, Massachusetts, July 6, 1875, the son of Nathaniel Babson, a retired merchant and banker. He was graduated from Gloucester High School and Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and for a year or two was connected with bond houses.

For a time he acted as statistician of a bond house, but he soon developed the idea of studying securities in the interest of purchasers. When his health began to fail, as a result of too close attention to business, he took up his residence in Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts, where his present organization was begun in a modest way, in one room and with but a single assistant.

The work was developed until now the organization occupies a large three-story brick building in Wellesley Hills, with offices in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Pittsburgh, and various agencies in Europe. Among his clients are some of the largest manufacturers, bankers and inventors in the world.

Mr. Babson assisted in the development of the Moody Manual Company, the National Quotation Bureau and the Standard Statistics Bureau, all of New York. He has also held a number of official positions in various Massachusetts banks.

Sir Isaac Newton's law of action and reaction—a law which the discoverer himself predicted, centuries ago, would eventually be applied to human activities—is the fundamental basis of Mr. Babson's work. Mr. Babson's organization has traced the relations between periods of commercial depression and prosperity very carefully, and these investigations have proved almost infallible as a means of forecasting business developments in the future.

Mr. Babson has done much toward the development of co-operative and profit-sharing among manufacturers and wage earners, and has been much interested in plans to eliminate the economic causes of war, in the interests of world peace and better relations among nations. He is the author of a number of books on business conditions, among them the "Future Series," in which he considers the future prospects of investments, railroads, churches, the working classes, world peace, and South America.

His views on business ethics have been staunchly supported by progressive thinkers everywhere. It is his opinion that the employer will never win full success until he practically makes his workmen his partners—by giving them an incentive to



Photo by Harris & Ewing

ROGER W. BABSON

exert their best efforts as his employees—and that the workman will never accomplish all of which he is capable until he realizes that the job on which he is employed is a real opportunity for him, and that by making good he is advancing his own interests,

E. CLEMENS HORST

Creates a New Industry on a Vanishing One

by L. G. Tillet

WHEN a man spends twenty-five years in building up an industry that extends thruout the world, it is hard to see a movement gain momentum which will, sooner or later, wipe out that industry. Such a condition is true of hops, and this is the story of a man who built up an enormous new industry on the foundation of a vanishing one.

A year or so ago the name of Horst was synonymous with hops. Today that same name, tho still identified with the essential material for brewing, is associated with dehydrated vegetables, for within the space of a single year, Mr. E. Clemens Horst of San Francisco, California, has built up the largest business in the drying of vegetables found anywhere in the world. His ten large evaporating plants, stretching from British Columbia to central California, and employing thousands of people, are working night and day to fill orders from the War Department, the American Red Cross, big steamship companies, hotels and other large users of vegetables.

How did he do it?

When one knows the man and his methods the answer is not so difficult, for it exemplifies the saying that "nothing succeeds like success," and Mr. Horst has learned the funda-

mentals of success. "Success," he says, "is nothing more than the acquiring of the right habits. When one thoroly acquires the habit of thinking and acting in terms of success, that result will inevitably follow." Continuing, Mr. Horst said: "Success is a matter of foresight, competency, and courage. One must be able to look ahead and anticipate future conditions, he must thoroly understand his business and produce and constantly maintain a certain standard of products, and he must have the courage to follow his own judgment in the development of his business. The first quality, that of 'foresight,' must be possessed by the business man himself; the second, 'competency,' is best maintained by the selection of the right men to handle the details of the business, and the third, or 'courage,' comes naturally from the exercise of the first two qualities. If a man can foresee the trend of conditions in his line, and has the proper organization to develop with that business, he will inevitably have the courage to invest his money along the lines suggested by his judgment. And when this is done, success will follow, whether a man makes mucilage, munitions, or music."

In building up his hop business Mr. Horst had been called

upon to exercise foresight in interpreting future condition, competency in consistently growing and curing the highest quality of products, and courage in following his own judgment in making long-term contracts in various parts of the world. When the prohibition clouds, slowly gathering in times of peace,



E. CLEMENS HORST

were whipped into racing speed by the winds of war, Mr. Horst saw disaster staring him in the face, when the demand for hops ceased. Instead of calmly meeting Fate, his mental resources were used to divert disaster.

War was raging across the ocean and the United States was

finally drawn into the fray. With the sending of millions of men abroad, the problem of food transportation was an important one to solve. Mr. Horst knew that in all vegetable matter the bulk and weight is made up largely of water, and he knew that in Europe dehydrated vegetables have been used for years. Why not turn his hop kilns into vegetable driers, grow vegetables in his hop fields, and supply Uncle Sam with the food so badly needed for the soldiers? The dried products would save space and transportation and would be non-perishable.

Mr. Horst knew all about hops, for he had grown, cured, bought and sold them all his life, but he didn't know anything about dried vegetables. But he determined to know all about them. The hop vine is a vegetable plant, and in its curing the method of procedure is very similar to that of vegetable drying. In his organization Mr. Horst had some very competent assistants, and when he outlined his plans and told them to go ahead and experiment in the dehydration of all kinds of vegetables, they went ahead with their new work as enthusiastically and as methodically as they had in raising hops. All plans were kept secret and for months travelers in the vicinity of the Horst plants were curious about the large fields of vegetables grown, but never marketed. Wagon-loads of fresh produce were hauled to the drying kilns, but nothing ever came out of them, and much speculation was indulged in by the neighbors.

These vegetables were used for experiments and thousands of dollars were expended for machinery and labor before an evaporated product was secured satisfactory to Mr. Horst.

With a storehouse filled with all varieties of dried vegetables, Mr. Horst determined to secure the widest possible test of their quality and favor. Sample boxes were made up by the hundreds and sent free to many large hotels, cafes, clubs and hospitals, with the request that they be tried and opinions expressed thereon. In many cases the chefs were opposed to even giving the new form of food a trial, but Mr. Horst persisted, often going directly to the head of the concern to secure an order for the trial. In practically every case the reports were enthusiastically favorable, and many hotels ordered large supplies immediately. The value of dried vegetables for army use was brought to the attention of the authorities at Washington, a hearing held, at which various food experts testified on behalf of the new products, and Mr. Horst told of his experiments and furnished hundreds of samples for trial by Senators, Congressmen and department heads. The President even tried some samples at the White House. All the "Doubting Thomases" were convinced of the merits of the dried food, and the War Department ordered large quantities from Mr. Horst for use of the soldiers abroad. Later the American Red Cross, the Belgian Relief, and other war agencies placed large orders for the food, and commercial interests, including steamship companies, shipbuilding plants (feeding their own employees), and other large consumers of food found the new product of value to them. The demand became so great that Mr. Horst found it necessary to convert one after another of his hop drying plants into vegetable driers, and the expansion is still going on. So rapid has the demand grown amongst the commercial interests that the vegetable drying industry promises to develop into one of great importance.

"TAPS"

THEY are marching with a halting step,—

A halting step and slow;
And many in those blue-clad ranks
Have hair as white as snow:
Their youth lies on the battlefields
Of fifty years ago.

Those serried ranks are thinning fast
That once with martial tread
The knapsack and the musket bore
Where Grant and Sherman led:
Their sleep is sound and peaceful
In the bivouac of the dead.

And some lie on those hard-fought fields

Where now the Blue and Gray
Clasp hands across the battle lines
Their blood has washed away:
Where once the tide of battle flowed,
Their children's children play.

The passing years speed swiftly,
And silence round them wraps;
And to their listening ears there comes
No sweeter song, perhaps,
Than when the battered bugle sounds
Again the old call,—"Taps."

—Maitland LeRoy Osborne

The Reconstruction of Vaudeville

By WALTER J. KINGSLEY

RECONSTRUCTION—the world's greatest post-war problem—has reached the theater. In vaudeville a revolution has taken place so quietly and so successfully that the outside world is just beginning to realize what a splendid stroke of pioneering in community life this work really is. The artists have been organized for collective bargaining under treaties with the managers organized for the same protective purpose. The relations of the many thousand members of the National Vaudeville Artists Association with their employers in the Vaudeville Managers Protective Association have undergone a profound change. No longer does a minority of employers rule a majority of artists subject to individual whim or caprice and without a court of competent jurisdiction to pass upon the grievances and dereliction of contract on both sides that were wont to result in periodical unrest in the vaudeville profession. Today, artists and managers have a joint tribunal with impartial referees, whose decisions are binding upon both parties. So far, more than a thousand cases have been tried out and adjudicated, and both sides have expressed complete satisfaction. Simple justice rules the vaudeville circuits—artists have a powerful voice in the conduct of their profession, and the weakest opening act is guaranteed the same measure of fair dealing as is accorded the most expensive headliner.

This reconstruction of vaudeville is the work of E. F. Albee, head of the B. F. Keith Vaudeville Circuit, who has always had a desire to create the most liberal and pleasant relations between employer and employed, and who has always recognized the fact that a radical readjustment of the vaudeville business was necessary.

Artists formerly made many complaints about managers, and managers, in turn, found fault with artists. Mr. Albee began the propaganda of reform, and one by one convinced his fellow-managers that the profession should be organized upon ultra-modern sociological lines; that the artists should be placed in such a position that their rights would be protected, and that the managers should share in the same blessing.

Mr. Albee pointed out that the most modern business practice eliminated fear, favor, partiality, dislike and individual dealing—to substitute justice, impartiality and fair dealing, enforced by collective bargaining on the part of the employed. Having convinced the managers to the point where they organized the Vaudeville Managers Protective Association, and having been approached by twenty-five artists who were desirous of having an association which could co-operate with

the managers, Mr. Albee gave these artists the aid and encouragement they required, with the result—National Vaudeville Artists, Incorporated—was organized. This association now numbers more than ten thousand. Under binding treaties and covenants with the managers' body, all disputes are submitted to a joint arbitration board. The decrees of this board are binding on both sides. Arguments over broken contracts, the theft of acts, purloining of stage "business," cancellations, the priority of professional names, too long railway jumps, fines, and the thousand and one grievances that have cropped up in theatrical circles in the past are brought to judgment before this tribunal.

At first there was a rush of cases, but each week the number grows less as artists and managers realize that they can "get away" with nothing wrong, and that if they offend, the injured party will take them at once before the bar of the Supreme Court of Vaudeville. Managers also bring complaints to the court—the artists being in no wise alone in their grievances. The law of vaudeville protects the managers as much as it does the artists.

The National Vaudeville Artists Association, in addition to the benefits of collective bargaining and a joint court of justice, has insurance, sick benefits, a relief fund, and a social organization.

The late B. F. Keith and A. Paul Keith shared Mr. Albee's ambition to make vaudeville the best organized and regulated of professions, and the younger Keith worked with him in organizing the managers and the artists for mutual welfare.

President Wilson expressed the exact principles of the Vaudeville Managers Protective Association as put in actual practice and operation a year ago, when he said in a speech delivered recently in Free Trade Hall, Manchester, England:

"Friendship must have a machinery. If I cannot correspond with you, if I cannot learn your minds, if I cannot co-operate with you, I cannot be your friend, and if the world is to remain a body of friends, it must have the

means of friendship, the means of constant friendly intercourse, the means for common watchfulness over common interests."

It is precisely this machinery for friendship which has been set up by the establishment of the National Vaudeville Artists Association and Vaudeville Managers Protective Association.

Mr. Albee has received most enthusiastic support from every manager in the United States who holds a membership in the Vaudeville Managers Protective Association. Just before Christmas, Mr. Albee sent a telegram to all vaudeville houses suggesting that inasmuch as vaudeville artists were mostly



Photo by Marceau, N.Y.

E. F. ALBEE

General manager of the B. F. Keith Theatres, and the man responsible for the reconstruction of vaudeville



Photo by White Studio, N.Y.

THE LOUNGE OF THE NATIONAL VAUDEVILLE ARTISTS CLUBHOUSE

One of the most artistic and luxurious club interiors in America; paneled with rich Italian marble and furnished with English club furniture, covered with figured mohairs; the floor is of white marble with Alps blue marble border, and in the center a magnificent Burgundy colored rug

away from home, the managers entertain the artists with a dinner and party in the different houses thruout the country on Christmas Day. Before another year is ended, there will be great strides made in insurance, and in the department being organized for the temporary and permanent relief of our brother and sister artists who may need help.

OPENING OF THE NEW CLUBHOUSE

After two years of preparation, the National Vaudeville Artists, Incorporated, formally opened its new clubhouse in March, and revealed the best-equipped, most modern, comfortable, and artistic club in America. All branches of the theater were represented in the great gathering of stage notables. The opening was primarily in honor of the press, more than one hundred dramatic editors representing the principal eastern cities being guests of the club. Local newspaper men joined with the National Vaudeville Artists Association members as a committee of entertainment. The theatrical clubs were represented by committees of members. "Abbott" George M. Cohan of the Friars, "Shepherd" R. H. Burnside of the Lambs, "Prompter" Edwards Davis of the Green-room Club, President John Drew of the Players, President Rachel Crothers of the Stage Women's War Relief, all headed delegations from their respective clubs. During the evening hundreds of artists, managers, composers, dramatists, and newspaper men visited the new club, which was decorated with palms and flowers. Edwards Davis delivered an eloquent opening address in the pretty theater, in which he dwelt upon the new spirit of brotherhood and co-operation among artists so wonderfully expressed by the new clubhouse. The speaker remarked that it was significant of the trend of the times when that great man of the theater, George M. Cohan, gave his portrait, with a highly commendatory inscription, to Mr.

Albee for the sole picture in the beautiful lounge, and thereby expressed his sympathy with the National Vaudeville Artists Association and its achievement in bringing artists and managers together in a close and fraternal bond.

Following the reception and supper at the clubhouse, the newspaper guests were given a theater party by the National Vaudeville Artists Association at the Ziegfeld "Midnight Frolic." All of the dramatic editors from out of town lived at the clubhouse during their stay in New York and their names are first upon the register.

Most modern in decoration and equipment for comfort and entertainment in New York, the new clubhouse stands six stories high at 229 West 46th Street—an ideal location just west of Broadway, in the heart of the theater district. The building, faced with gray stone, presents an impressive appearance of solidity and architectural grace.

Passing under the ornate *porte cochere*, one enters a roomy marble vestibule. On one side is a large coatroom just in front of the basement floor, devoted to a grill, billiard room, and barber shop. On the left of the foyer a wide marble staircase leads to the great lounge, flooded with sun in the daytime, and at night lit by especially designed blue and gold chandeliers and lamps of exquisite artistry. The lounge is two stories high, the second level being a mezzanine used for a writing room. The lounge is heavily paneled with rich Italian marble, which is used in profusion thruout the lower floors. The matching is perfect, a great quantity of marble having been bought in order to ensure harmony and balance in the veining. The lounge is furnished with luxurious English club furniture covered with fine figured mohairs and striped tapestries, copying famous hand-made designs of the past. The walls are covered with a delightful shade of blue not to be seen elsewhere in this country, and the furniture coverings and hangings, the lamps and

fixtures, are all in harmony. This key of blue prevails thruout. The floor is white marble with Alps blue marble border. In the center there lies a magnificent Burgundy colored rug made especially for use of the club. The ornamental center table is a beautiful old Italian design, in keeping with the truly wonderful hand-carved mantel over the Italian fireplace. Palms in Chinese porcelain vases are freely used.

Off the right-hand corner of the lounge, on the street front, is the ladies' room—the most artistic feature of the club. This is exquisitely done in the late Georgian type. The furniture is painted in blue, with yellow stripes, and decorated with little Wedgwood figures. The walls are covered with gold silk brocade of striking beauty, and the hangings are all of the daintiest taffeta. The floor is covered with a black velvet carpet.

Back of the lounge there opens thru arches, framed with magnificent hangings, the splendid ballroom and theater. This is exceedingly rich and lovely in the Adam style in ivory tints and an unusual shade of gold. The brocaded rose hangings are a master touch of loveliness in a most impressive room. The stage is ample for entertainments and productions, being completely equipped. Lamps, chandeliers, fixtures, are all in complete harmony, the ensemble being so successful in its appeal to the eye that decorators are instancing the National Vaudeville Artists Association lounge, ladies' room and ballroom as standards of the best modern taste. The office at the head of the stairs is a smart marble arrangement, fitting perfectly into the most convenient position without being obtrusive.

The basement is occupied by a splendid grill and billiard room, with nine tables. This perfectly-lighted and ventilated room is done in a rich shade of walnut rubbed to a dull finish. Several of the walnut panels are the largest ever made in one piece. The flooring is a special black and white rubber. The equipment of this room is considered by many as the most modern in the United States, and veteran billiardists pronounce it ideal.

The kitchen is a masterpiece of modern scientific design. It is very large and done thruout in glazed white tile and nickel. The ventilation is effected by the latest system of electric indrawing and expelling fans. There are long rows of roomy refrigerators, a complete incinerating plant, electric dish washers and potato peelers, and a cooking equipment that will enable the chef and his assistants to cater to one thousand diners.

The kitchen is so striking an example of the latest scientific practice that club, hotel and restaurant chefs from all over New York are visiting the club to inspect it. Even first-aid equipments are provided in case of accidents to the employees. The club grill and restaurant is certain to be one of its most popular features.

The upper floors are devoted to one hundred and eight sleeping rooms, each done in an entirely individual color scheme, no two being alike. The bed coverlets, curtains and table spreads are all of the same material in each room. The rooms are exceptionally bright, cosy, and artistic. No hotel or club in the world has more attractive rooms, and they can be equalled in very few places, as they represent the very latest conceptions of sleeping room comfort and decoration. The arrangements

for baths and suites are ideal, and the whole layout of the sleeping floors is a lesson to club and hotel architects that is well worth looking into.

A sanitary barber shop in white tile and marble is installed in the basement. This, too, has the most complete, up-to-date equipment in the city of New York.

Enormous ventilating fans keep the air in every room of the entire building pure and fresh at all times.

The conception of the new National Vaudeville Artists Association clubhouse in all its details is the work of Architect Thomas W. Lamb and E. F. Albee, owner of the Keith Vaudeville Circuit. The decoration and furnishing are the sole work of Mr. Albee. For two years Mr. Albee has given the greater part of his time to the work of building and equipping the clubhouse, which has just opened its doors. He has been strongly supported by his brother vaudeville managers, who at the last annual banquet of the Vaudeville Managers' Protective Association subscribed \$250,000 to the club, after Mr. Albee had explained his plans, upon which he had already expended over \$200,000. The cost of the clubhouse will be close to half a million dollars. Mr. Albee has been a pioneer in luxuri-



Photo by White Studio, N.Y.

EXTERIOR OF NEW NATIONAL VAUDEVILLE ARTISTS CLUBHOUSE

Located on West 46th Street, New York, just west of Broadway, in the heart of the theatre district—the most modern clubhouse in America

ous theater building for many years, and has mastered all the details of construction, material, lighting, ventilation and equipment. He qualifies as an expert in all these lines and as a master decorator. All his knowledge and experience has been put whole-heartedly at the service of the National Vaudeville Artists Association in making a home beautiful and comfortable and tending by its charm and atmosphere of comradeship in the vaudeville profession to bring the artists closer together. He aimed to aid the artists in having a home and meeting place in which it would be a real pleasure to gather. In this new clubhouse they have every opportunity for staging entertainments (set or impromptu), for dancing, for billiards and pool, for social games, for business talks, letter-writing, reading, and for the chats that artists delight in. The facilities for catering to luncheon, dinner and supper parties are unrivalled, an expert chef being in charge of the model kitchen. In every sense of the word the new clubhouse will be a home, social and business headquarters and general meeting place of the many thousand artists in the National Vaudeville Artists Association. Its motto is club service in the highest sense, embracing complete efficiency with a perfect understanding of hospitality.

Among the distinguished members of the theatrical profession present as guests of the club on the opening night were: Lillian Russell, Dorothy Jardon, Marie Dressler, John Drew, Edwards Davis, George M. Cohan, R. H. Burnside, Otis Skinner, Ada Patterson, Harry Carroll, Ivan Caryll, A. L. Erlanger, Marc Klaw, John L. Golden, Oliver Morosco, William Harris, Jr., Fay Bainter, David Belasco, Lee Shubert, Samuel Shipman, Max Marcin, Channing Pollock, Glen McDonough, Raymond Hubbell, Arthur Hammerstein, Rudolph Friml, John Mears, Sam H. Harris, William A. Brady, John D. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Coburn, Al Jolson, Frank Conroy, Thomas Dixon, Mrs. Fiske, Sergt. Irving Berlin, Louis Mann, Sam Bernard, Holbrook Blinn, Blanche Bates, Gertrude Vanderbilt, Jeanne Eagles, Frances Starr, Roland West, Grant Mitchell, Archie Selwyn, Edgar Selwyn, Rae Selwyn, Alice Brady, John Barrymore, Fay Marbe, Jos. Santley, and Ivy Sawyer.

Let's Strengthen *the* Nation Thru Co-operation

By G. HERB PALIN

There's nothing in this world so good as warm, fraternal brotherhood

THIS is the age of producers! The thought is in the mind of everyone who thinks—it is the spirit of the times and the peoples of the earth are becoming more and more intolerant of him who neither weaves nor spins, and the world of tomorrow will have no place for the idler and social parasite. Each producer has his place, but he who can produce happiness for his fellows in the broadest degree is the producer who renders mankind its greatest service.

Business intellectuals of America today are puzzling themselves over the complexities of trade conditions and the presses of the country are at work turning out tons of printed matter, nearly all bearing upon and asking the question: "Hell's to pay—what are we going to do about it?" Many panaceas for minor troubles are suggested, but the one great fundamental thing that would most quickly serve to bring Labor and Capital together harmoniously has not as yet been touched upon by any economic reasoner of the times.

Ofttimes we seek in obscure and darkened places for things which are almost under our feet. The searched-for is right before us in the bright sunlight, and while we pause and gaze falteringly at vast heights which we believe must be scaled before the object of our search is found, the mere action of stooping down and picking it up would finish our search and allow us to proceed rejoicing.

That neurotic conditions obtain broadly thruout all the walks of trade is to be expected, following the titanic upheaval in Europe and its resultant extension to our own United States, but that the worst of the problems confronting business will be settled, and that Labor and Capital will work together in closer and warmer harmony within the next two years is assured and positive. Business is, I believe, now gazing at stupendous heights threaded by precipitous trails, which it dreads to follow, while the broad, smooth way of common sense is open before it.

I base my prediction that the great problems of Labor and Capital will begin to be harmoniously solved within the next two years upon two good basic and perfectly pertinent bearings. First, I shall name and then proceed separately to handle them: They are "Smiles" and "Understanding."

Thruout the length and breadth of the United States, in spite of hysteria and in face of the apparently insurmountable problems to be solved, business men are smiling! Not only is Jones, of Pennsylvania, and Smith, of California, light-hearted and cheerful, but so, also, is Brown of Minnesota and White of Louisiana. The terrible tension of the war has been released, nothing quite so horrible can happen again—at least upon so gigantic a scale—and with Germany prostrate and new world-fields of enterprise opening before it, business-America smiles unitedly; and, gentlemen, when business-America smiles, the battles of business may be considered more than half-way won.

Wages, due of necessity to dominant war demands, mounted to heights unparalleled in the annals of trade. The treasuries of nearly all the countries of earth gushed forth their streams of gold and bought and bought again of America all that she could grow, make and offer for sale. The demand became incessant, and both labor to produce and products to sell were at a premium. Speed—speed was essential, and speed has to be paid highly for.

The result was instantaneous. Vast fortunes were made almost overnight. America's entry into the war arena at once made our government the premier purchaser of products and taker of men. Labor lessened to the danger point. Manu-

facturers of both war and non-war products were forced to pay an ever-ascending wage scale, and prices for nearly all commodities automatically soared skyward.

Of course some businesses suffered, but business generally prospered as never before. The American business pocket-book became full to overflowing—and remains so to this day—and with money to invest in new and far-flung fields of endeavor, the business man looks anxiously and alertly around, wondering what is going to happen next; but he *smiles* as he looks, and with reason!

* * * *

And Labor! Labor has come into its own at last, and American labor, almost in its entirety, is honest labor! An honest man can be trusted to do the square thing when *facts* are shown and *truth* is proven to him. Labor has higher pay and shorter hours of toil than ever before. Let business profit thru this by a fair and intelligent exposition of its position and aims thru a reasonable, just, and educational propaganda, brains-directed, to reach and teach Labor during these new and extended hours of liberty from toil the absolute value of co-ordination and co-operation. In other words, let *Understanding* open the locked doors of prejudice to the eternal profit of both sides. The world war has certainly shown us all the wonderful power of propaganda. Let's use some of the good kind!

And this educational campaign must—to be effective—be "on the square." Capital is just as necessary to the life of Labor as Labor is to the life of Capital. Only thru *co-operation* will the two unite in a harmonious whole and the wheels of industry turn freely. The great clogging causes of friction must be removed—and that can only be done thru concerted action and unified effort. Heretofore I believe there have been few who suggested any practical method of bringing about unified effort as applied to the opposing forces, but now, as never before, is this effort in unity needed and become of first importance.

One fine fact is foremost and in favor of the formation of a smooth-running business-machine. Neither side wants favor of the other. Both are entitled to and want a square deal, and only lack of *understanding* walls between them. Times have changed. The awakening has come. Morals of trade are upon a higher and loftier plane than in the days when the pirates of trade sought to enslave the children of toil.

* * * *

The day of reason has dawned. I most earnestly suggest, both to the entrenched men of Capital and to the marshalled army of Labor, let the laws of common sense obtain and control your actions. Each has something the other wants. Establish a fair basis of exchange to be fixed *yearly* by a "League of Industry," made up and composed of *men of honor*, drawn in equal numbers from the ranks of Labor and Capital, whose rulings and decisions will be *final in fact* for the one year from the time at which they are made.

(1) That the representatives of the League of Industry, who shall sit in constant daily session, Sundays and holidays excepted, should be *twelve in number*, six being drawn from the ranks of Labor and six from the ranks of Capital.

(2) That no government representative be allowed to serve as one of the twelve representatives of the League, the primal thought being from its very inception to eliminate politics.

(3) That no representative can sit as one of the twelve arbiters for a longer period than three hundred and sixty-five days, the object being here to permit no irksome or useless ruling to remain in effect longer than a one-year period. If a ruling is made which proves obnoxious (Continued on page 187)

Affairs and Folks



HO have been the doughboys in business during the war? Some employers wail and say girls only use a business occupation as a makeshift until they marry, and insist that long service cannot be expected from women and that they are the cause of big "turn overs" or changes on the pay-roll. How much

loyal, unrecognized, and almost unrewarded service the women are giving as compared to men! When you spend years teaching them, you find boys keen to find a better job. Naturally if he is a bright boy, he is ambitious. In the conscientious, painstaking details, the nimble fingers going over the card indexes, understanding of man's frailties, as well as his strength, by womankind has been a great factor in the expansion and development of business.

It is all right to sit and think you are mighty in the direction of affairs, but think where that direction would be without the doughgirls in service as stenographers, telephone girls, and clerks who have become an integral part of the future of great business operations.

This may sound a little socialistic, but it is not. It may require a jolt when she leaves to make us understand and appreciate the work of women in the office. Mere kind words in giving the unrecognized labor of the country at least a fair show with organized labor is not enough. With the power of strikes and threats that have advanced their wages, many unions have taken more than their share of wage out of the hide of unrecognized and submerged millions who are doing the real productive work that pads their payrolls after every strike.

How seldom a stenographer entrusted with notes on her book, catching the gleam of an idea in your mind that may never come again, ever betrays the trust or leaves her work unfinished. Every stenographer who retires with her record clear of notes—and must have the consciousness of loyal service—is entitled to a D. O. S. as much as the others who have fought in battles of shrapnel. Loyalty is loyalty wherever it is found.

* * * *

FOR some years past there has been associated with the NATIONAL MAGAZINE a kindred soul that we all grew to love and admire. A sterling character thru and thru—a patriot and an artist to his finger tips. The passing of Arthur Hutchins,

whose work on the cover pages and illustrations of the NATIONAL delighted our readers, leaves an inspiring memory of a young and brilliant life. Early in the war he gave every ounce of energy and attention to the war work, and he won the prize for patriotic posters. He camouflaged ships. No one can estimate the value of his work. It was while doing this work

that he broke down. During the war his heart was with the boys overseas, and the masterful work he did in camouflaging ships doubtless had much to do with saving many lives. He passed to the Beyond in the very studio where he had done much of his best work, and everyone who had met him honored, loved, and admired the artist—and the man—Arthur Hutchins. He has left his impress upon this generation. The pity of it all is that he should have passed. His busy brush has been dropped forever—the active brain ceased its functions while yet in the early thirties.

* * *

A BIG part of the secret of success is willingness, says Eleanor Kerr. She knows. Success is hers in the broad meaning of the word. She knows the thrill of achievement in her chosen work and the satisfaction that comes from being of real service in the world.

For Miss Kerr, "The Effect of Wars and Revolutions on Government Securities" brought about both results. In this book she tabulated and correlated most valuable information for the firm of William Morris Imbrie and Company, of whose statistical department she has charge. An equally important service was rendered to all firms of investment brokers, and, coming out opportunely at the beginning of

the first Liberty Loan campaign, the book gave to Liberty Loan committees all over the country just the information they needed.

Incidentally, it brought Miss Kerr a bit of distinction coveted by every woman writer—that of having her work adjudged that of a masculine mind. "Mr." Kerr's book was widely quoted by newspapers and journals of commerce. Not a reviewer of them all suspected that the author was a woman. The uninitiated might think that Wall Street had been Miss Kerr's kindergarten as well as her university, yet that center of finance has known her only two short years.

To most women and to many men "statistical work" has a dry-as-dust sound, but Miss Kerr characterizes the subject as



Photo by Palmer

ARTHUR HUTCHINS

"With trembling lip
We strive the fitting phrase to make;
Remembering our fellowship,
Lamenting Destiny's mistake."

fascinating. "To me its charm never wanes. Perhaps if I did nothing more than just make up figures, the work might become monotonous. But it includes so much more. I edit most of our daily and monthly bulletins; I superintend the filing of clippings on all subjects that pertain to the firm's work.



Copyright, Underwood
& Underwood

MISS ELEANOR KERR

Author of "The Effect of Wars and Revolutions on Government Securities"

In doing this I run thru at least thirty periodicals each month, beside the Portuguese newspapers from Brazil and various Spanish publications from South America. My work includes, too, the writing of the majority of the articles which go out from this department."

While doing all this, Miss Kerr found time to write her book, also during the past two years to serve on the press bureau of the Liberty Loan Committee, writing at one time one financial article a day for the daily papers and magazines; to act, during the Second Loan campaign, as executive secretary for New York City on the Woman's Committee; to serve during the Fourth Loan campaign as instructor to the classes of volunteer bond sellers. As six women trained between twenty-five hundred and three thousand workers, it is plain that each had enough work to fill more leisure than such a busy woman as Miss Kerr ever knows.

Yet she modestly disclaims any unusual ability. "Any woman who is willing to do whatever there is to do can do all I have done and more," she says. "But she must be willing. She must love her work, or, at least, she must do everything there is to do as tho she loved it. Some aspects of work are more interesting than others, but the dull bits must be as carefully and accurately performed as the more attractive duties.

"And willingness to work must be supplemented by knowledge. Wide general information is an enormous asset in an office, as, indeed, in any walk of life. But a business woman, whatever her line of work, will find use for every bit of knowledge she has accumulated, whether by reading, by observation,

or just by living. Life itself educates as no school can, yet I earnestly advocate a thoro education for every woman.

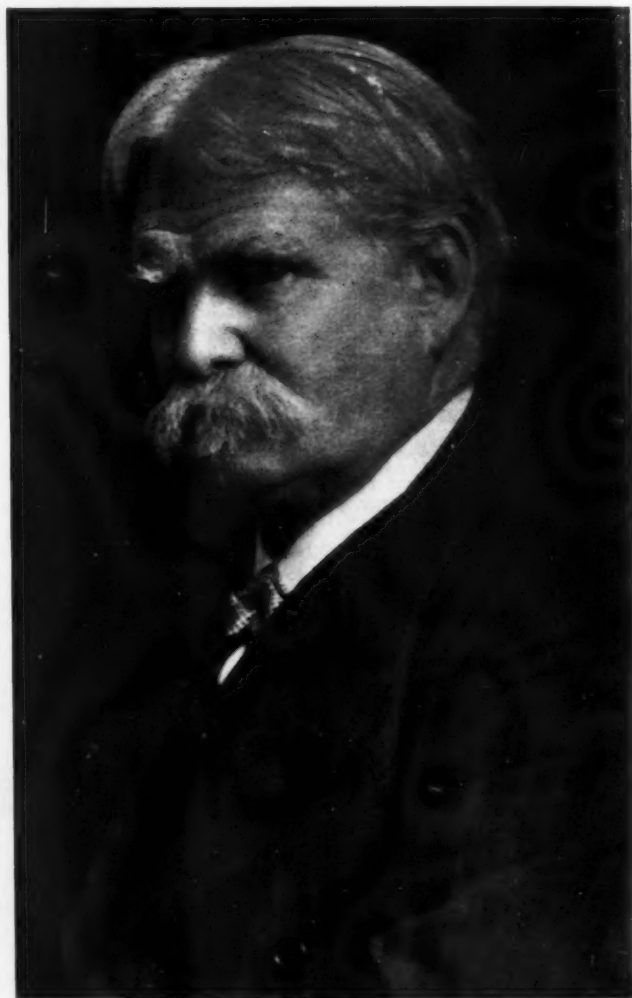
"For instance, I studied art, and I find the trained observation that results from an art course is of the utmost value in the business world. The educated apprehension of color, form, and line makes plain not only the relation between material objects, but the logical connection between ideas, judgments, and decisions apparently unrelated.

"Work is the secret of success. Work hard, and work willingly, whole-heartedly. Do whatever there is to do, whether that particular duty has been specified as yours or not, and add constantly to your fund of general information. You will find use for every bit of knowledge that comes your way."

* * * *

EVER since I began setting type with patent medicine readers as reprint copy, my ideal has been Henry Watterson. In the nest of exchanges that day I found a copy of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, and the double leaded editorial arrested my attention. Henry Watterson himself and his legion of admirers have never realized the full power he has exercised in influencing and inspiring young men in their life work.

The "Marse Henry" editorial is not for the erudite or immature. From his earliest school essay to the vital last sentences in today's editorial, there is a resonance and ring of buoyant



HENRY WATTERSON
The Nestor of American Journalism

youthfulness, courage, and hope. Henry Watterson's pen is a shining lance that foreshadowed events with the zest of a Crusader.

The country was aroused when he titled an editorial "To Hell with the Hohenzollern," and they are on their way to the destination he forecast. This is one of many instances indicating that the Nestor of Journalism in America is a seer and prophet.

Now to think that the acquaintanceship of early youth has ripened into a personal friendship is, to me, an inspiration. To have the great privilege of calling him friend and receive messages and letters inscribed "your friend" fulfills the wildest dream of the printer's devil. We cannot always tell just how friendships begin any more than how the flowers burst into bud and bloom. Friendship is an all-pervading relationship of life. Altho far apart in space and seldom meeting face to face, the beloved face and voice brings often to me the envisioned Self of Henry Watterson. Likeness nor letter is required to feel the gentler presence and the inspiring influence of the true nobility of democracy as representing the personality of our beloved "Marse Henry."

The above was my tribute to Henry Watterson in the "Marse Henry" edition of the well-known Louisville *Courier-Journal*, commemorating the seventy-ninth birthday of its veteran editor, Colonel Henry Watterson. In this edition were drawings recalling those days when Kimball was the last Washingtonian to wear knee breeches and a ruffled shirt as he sat in all dignity before his livery stable. Here were loving tributes from brother editors all over the country. It seemed as if language was not sufficient to carry their affectionate love and deep admiration for this sturdy character in history. The photographs of Mr. Watterson as he looks today and as he appeared at different times during his illustrious career are interesting portraits for the American Hall of Fame. The edition covered the important world events from 1840 to 1919—a historical chronicle contemporaneous with the life of the distinguished American editor.

* * * *

A MEDAL to commemorate the war service of the home gardens of America has been presented to the heads of the governments of the United States, England, France, Belgium and Italy, and to the world leaders in food control by the National War Garden Commission. In its symbolism



OBVERSE



REVERSE

MEDAL COMMEMORATING THE WAR SERVICE OF THE HOME GARDENS OF AMERICA

this medal links the work of the war gardeners in the home trenches with the valor of the nations' fighting forces on foreign battlefields.

The medal was designed by a committee headed by George Frederick Kunz, Ph. D., Sc. D., an international authority on commemorative medals and president of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society. The committee of the National War Garden Commission appointed by its president,

Charles Lathrop Pack, to have charge of the work and the presentation, is composed of Honorable Myron T. Herrick, former ambassador to France; Dr. John Grier Hibben, president of Princeton University; and Mr. John Hays Hammond, the noted mining engineer.



Photo by Gliner, Boston

PARTICIPANTS IN THE FESTIVAL CHORUS OF 1919

Singers who took part in the Peace Jubilee Chorus of 1869 and also in the huge International Music Festival Chorus at the Peace Jubilee held in Mechanics Hall, Boston, Massachusetts, February 21 and 22, 1919

The medal has been designed with the object of representing, in as simple manner as possible, the country's military service and the support given to it by those who quietly but persistently worked in their war gardens. On the obverse is the figure of a young woman dressed in loose shirt and trousers and kneeling on the ground in an open field, working over some young garden plants. In low relief and drawn small in scale, so as to seem distant, are soldiers marching directly across the medal, and forming a decorative band just below the center. Above in very low relief are the words "United States of America."

The decorative motive for the reverse is a basket hamper filled with the varied product of a war garden. Above the basket and around the edge are the words, "National War Garden Commission." Under the basket appears the name of the recipient, and underneath that the words, "The seeds of victory insure the fruits of peace," a hoe and a rifle crossed, and the dates 1914-1919.

* * * *

MISS MARY MASON of the Westchester Studios, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, New York, has just completed a statue which has been designed to symbolize the achievements of the war. Its title "The Triumph of the New Era," is expressive of the new day that is dawning upon the world. A figure, with trumpet announcing the victory of peace, justice and democracy, stands with her foot on a broken, half-buried cannon, signifying the triumph of spiritual power over militarism, and a passion flower grows over the broken cannon. The buoyant, graceful lines of the figure suggest that it will fly over all lands with its inspiring message to humanity and will shower blessings and assurances of enduring welfare upon every people in every land.

The sculptor has been urged to allow the Triumph figure to be used in peace as the service flag was used in war, to be sold only to those who were in service during the war as soldiers, sailors, or nurses, or who may have contributed otherwise to the triumph of the new era, either in the United States or in the allied countries.

In the case of soldiers fallen in battle, their families or friends, upon showing proper service records, may buy a statue with an individual plate—a plate commemorating the dead. If several sons have served, all the names and services may be inscribed on one plate. A wounded soldier may forward his credentials and his name, his regiment, the battles in which he fought and

the place where he was wounded may be inscribed, or if he escaped without wound he may record simply his battles on the plate. In like manner women who served as nurses, as canteen workers, as physicians, or in other active capacity, may have statues and name plates—none will be sold until after inspection and approval of credentials of a competent committee.



"THE TRIUMPH OF THE NEW ERA"

The cost of a statue will be from ten dollars to five hundred dollars, according to the size of bronze. The price will include the inscribed name plate. As it is desired to put the cost within the reach of every one who has served the country in the United States or abroad in any capacity, a medal is also made, with "The Triumph of the New Era" on the face. This medal, about the size of a silver dollar, is suspended by a red, white and blue ribbon from a bar on which is the name of the soldier. The cost to towns and cities is fifty cents each. If a city desires on the reverse side a special design, for instance, the arms of the city, this may be done at a slight extra cost.

As the figure symbolizes victory for men and women of other nations, as well as those of the United States, opportunity to obtain a copy will be given to those who served the cause of liberty among the Allies. Thus it may reach various lands, in the homes of rich, poor, Christian, Jewish, Buddhist and other faiths as the token everywhere of the peace of democracy.

The medal bears the same graceful figure, but the cannon is on the circumference of the earth, and back of the figure is the rising sun, whose rays are dissipating the dark clouds

of the past. Various organizations have passed resolutions endorsing the idea of its universal adoption. Some cities are considering giving the medal in gold to the families of those killed, in silver to the men and women who were wounded, and bronze to those who served.

At the present time some cities are giving individual designs to their men, with the result that it is not known as a service medal outside of that particular city which presents it. The soldiers themselves would value a medal whose design is known in all the allied countries as the symbol of service. Then everywhere he may go he is, by the medal, identified as one whose service helped to win the triumph of the new era.

* * * *

IN these days of after-the-war reconstruction in business, when the nation needs the highest possible efficiency from every working man and woman, it is doubly interesting to consider the achievement of Miss Margaret B. Owen in setting a new standard for typewriting speed. To become a world's champion in any branch of sport or athletics is to occupy a gratifying pinnacle in public interest, but to attain the renown of being the world's champion typist in an international speed contest is to acquire an even more notable distinction. And to win the world's typewriting speed championship three times, which is Miss Owen's proud record, evinces an unequalled ability and perseverance in her own particular line of endeavor. In the last speed contest at which Miss Owen won championship honors she wrote one hundred and thirty-seven words a minute for an hour, which means striking the keys twelve times every second, and also means writing faster than the ordinary person can dictate.

Typewriting, to Miss Owen, is more than a mechanical employment—it is an art, and in its development she has applied much the same methods of study as are essential to the complete mastery of the piano. Continual, persistent and systematic practise of fingering was necessary to develop the astonishing smoothness of rhythm that characterize her performance upon a typewriting machine. Every touch of her fingers upon the keys is so exactly timed that the sound of her speed writing resembles the continuous roll of a drum. For the strengthening of the muscles of her fingers and the development of their flexibility, she has originated a system of tensing exercises that induces perfect co-ordination of movement, which has enabled her to develop a fingering method peculiarly her own, whereby each finger operates exclusively a certain group of keys. By consistent study, aided by photographs of the motions of her hands and fingers made by a well-known expert on motion study while operating a machine, Miss Owen has succeeded in the almost complete elimination of lost motion.

To the million men and women in this country who earn their livelihood in the profession of stenography, the book which this "queen of the keys" has written, telling in detail of her seven years' determined struggle toward the pinnacle of world championship bears a message of powerful inspiration.



MISS MARGARET B. OWEN
The world's champion typist

MRS. Phoebe Apperson Hearst who died at her home in Pleasanton, California, on April 13, was known thruout the country for her philanthropic work. Tho gently reared, she was of those hardy American pioneers who braved the trackless deserts and dangerous mountains of the West.



MRS. PHOEBE A. HEARST
California pioneer and philanthropist

endured hardships and fought life's battles until won. She shared the hardships and adventures of her husband, the late Senator Hearst, who won millions from mines.

Mrs. Hearst gave to the unfortunates in rough mining camps something of her own courage and developed early the rule of "help the individual to help himself." This maxim she took as her guide in the life of philanthropic work to which she devoted herself. She gave much of her time, and probably millions of her money to institutions and individuals. As a patron of the arts, many of her gifts and loans to art associations are considered of great value.

Mrs. Hearst was born in Missouri in 1842, a descendant on her mother's side from the famous Randolph family of Virginia.

She married George Hearst, also a native of Missouri, in 1862, and they immediately went to California, where her only son, William Randolph Hearst was born.

Mr. Hearst amassed a large fortune in gold mining, and Mrs. Hearst became a leader in charities and philanthropies thruout California. Since her husband's death Mrs. Hearst had divided her time between San Francisco, Washington, New York and traveling.

The students of the University of California called her "the Fairy Godmother." on account of her many gifts to them. In 1897 Mrs. Hearst was made the first woman regent of the university. She had long been identified with many departments of woman's work, especially in educational lines, and had founded and maintained several free kindergartens.

A year after her appointment as regent Mrs. Hearst decided

to express her loyalty to the university by making California the most perfect and complete university in the world. She offered prizes for an architects' competition, and plans were drawn up for a group of buildings and grounds that would rival the most magnificent institutions in this country or the old world. Mrs. Hearst gave two of the buildings herself, and donated several scholarships. In 1912 the students and faculty celebrated the seventieth birthday anniversary of the philanthropist with appropriate exercises in the gymnasium of the university.

Mrs. Hearst belonged to women's clubs all over the country and was the first treasurer of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. She passed one year in Europe studying foreign charitable institutions.

* * * *

THERE is reason for the NATIONAL MAGAZINE feeling a paternal pride in Mother's Day. It was the first periodical in the country to take up the project, originated by Miss Anna Jarvis in Philadelphia. The commemoration of the second Sunday in May, as "Mother's Day," has now become an established custom thruout the United States, by resolution of Congress. Indeed, thruout the world, to wear a white flower and hold appropriate services on a Sunday of May, in honor of Mothers has become a recognition of an American custom that was stimulated when they saw the sons of American Mothers overseas. The movement is all-appealing, and it is difficult



MISS ANNA JARVIS
Originator of "Mother's Day"

now to realize what a struggle Miss Jarvis had in launching this beautiful idea. When I first met her, she had recently lost her mother—the queen of a large family; one of those mothers that just had the hearts and hands of the family together fast and firm, uniting the family ties with almost a social compact. The inspiring life of one mother, typical of other mothers, was the ideal with which a loving daughter rekindled the glow of affection that is in the heart of all true sons and daughters. With her own money and her own hands, she began the work. Mayors,



ARTHUR L. RACE

Associate manager of the Copley-Plaza, Boston

He has received letters of commendation from the War Department for services rendered in connection with furnishing eleven hundred cooks and bakers for the United States, and was chairman of District I, National Committee to Furnish Cooks for the Army



HENRY CABOT LODGE

Senior Senator from Massachusetts



LIEUTENANT CHRISTOPHER J. DUNPHY

Assistant manager of the Copley-Plaza

While in France he was on every fighting western front and had charge of the special train carrying President Wilson and his party, Secretary of War Newton D. Baker and his party, as well as that of Major General J. G. Harbord of the Service of Supply

governors, and others in authority, turned a deaf ear at first—publications likewise, but she persisted. Now, the idea engrosses the attention of state authorities, who in proclamation call for a commemoration of this day. Yes, I wore a white flower on that first Mother's Day. It's fragrance and pristine beauty brought sweet and tender memories back to me. For there is only one mother for each of us, and I can never forget how hopeless it all seemed when I realized my mother was gone. Now I realize how her presence remains—for as many times we sat together without a word passed, and yet we talked—mother and I, so in memory—mother and I still sit together. What a thrill came over me when I stood beside Admiral Sims in London during the darkest days of the war. He passed me his greeting to the American people on Mother's Day, which he had written to be cabled overseas. His eyes moistened, as he picked up this tribute of one son, and said: "How much we do owe to these dear mothers." It was Abraham Lincoln that stood at the grave of his mother and said: "All that I am, or ever hope to be I owe to my mother." Libraries are filled with tributes to mother, and yet what avail are these tributes, unless there is a heart response of the sentiment that comes home direct to every individual. Surely one day of the year is not too much for the mothers living or the mothers held dear in memory. This is one day all mothers seem to belong to me, and I always find some mother who has lost a son to accept me in the flesh—a tribute to my mother of sainted memory. All honor to the daughter who has perpetuated the memory of her mother in the memorial for all Mothers!

* * *

EVER since George M. Cohan was thoughtful enough to include lines in "Hit the Trail Holiday," alluding to the fact that the hero of the play in the flush of success received ten thousand dollars from the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, for a single article, I felt that he was a friend. When I was once sneered at as a "flag waver," I remembered George M. Cohan as a conspiring colleague. There may have been some "Lambs Club" irony in the suggestion, but when I saw his skit, "The Farrell Case" at the "Gambol," I forgave him all and decided to pay the ten thousand—in stage money, at least—to any hero he might designate here or hereafter. Even with the immortality of his "Over There," in song and story, the sweetest thing George M. Cohan has done is revealed in the few hours required to witness the play, "A Prince There Was." When I first saw the perpendicular red letters gleam out in Broadway, I thought it a fitting reference to the author. If ever there was a Prince or "A Prince There Was," his name is George M. Cohan.



GEORGE M. COHAN

America's most versatile author-actor

Armed with a gilt-edged-advance-hotel-sold ticket I navigated the bright lights one dreary night to witness some of the familiar old skits of George Cohan. "A Prince There Was" has all the verve and vitality of Cohanese procedure. The theme of the play was personally attractive to a wayfaring editor, for the scenic setting of the third act was a full-fledged, gorgeously furnished magazine office. There was the magic desk, gigantic waste basket, sad-faced office clock, drawings, telephone and all the *distingue* personages and atmosphere dreamed about by discouraged and encouraged contributors. It revealed in a flash George's life ambition to become a magazine editor, with the distinction sharply drawn between associate editor and assistant editor. The plot thruout rings with the Cinderella idea, which George insists must be included in every popular play. In a word, the play, the actor—everything is George M. Cohan. What more can be said—for his devoted admirers are legion, and I am one of them.



ACCORDING to statistics accumulated during the draft period for our great American Army, approximately fifty per cent of our young men had bad feet, due entirely to the type of shoes they had been wearing.

A large proportion of these men were rejected as totally unfit for the work of a soldier.

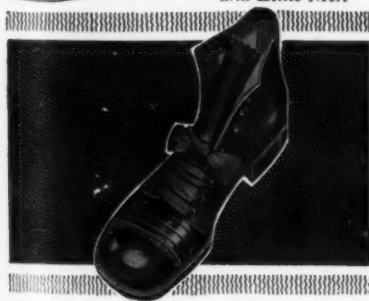
Had these young men learned in civil life what the joy of foot comfort was, as all men accepted by the draft boards were obliged to learn, the number of men sent abroad could have been enlarged and the assignments made earlier.

And this country could have saved millions of dollars spent on recruits necessary to the Army, but whose feet required special training to make them stand the strenuous life of the soldier.

Educator shoes are "orthopedically correct," thereby allowing the feet to retain the shape nature gave them.

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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Unless branded thus on the sole it is NOT an Educator. Be sure to look for this mark
Educator for Boys and Little Men



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100 COMMONWEALTH AVE., BOSTON

THE DISTINCTIVE BOSTON HOUSE

Called by globe trotters one of the most homelike and attractive hotels in the world.

Send for our booklet with its guide to Boston and its historic vicinity.

N. M. COSTELLO, Manager



Our Stockholders

There are over 135,000 stockholders who own the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. This great body of people, larger than the entire population of such cities as Albany, Dayton or Tacoma, share the earnings produced by the Bell System.

More than 45,000 of these partners are workers in the telephone organization. They are linemen, switch board operators, clerks, mechanics, electricians.

The vast property of the Bell System represents the savings of these

thousands of people, in many cases all their savings.

In the truest sense of the word this big public service corporation belongs to the people. The people own it and the people receive the profits. More than 93% of its stock is owned by persons holding, each, less than one-ninth of one per cent.

The Bell System is a real industrial democracy. On its economic operation depends the future independence of many citizens of small means, as well as the profitable employment of thousands of other men and women.



**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
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One Policy

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*Established 1859
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No 5 Purchase Street
BOSTON, MASS.

PADEREWSKI—The Man Who Astonished the World

First as a Musical Genius—Now as a Nation-Maker Rebuilding Poland

Takes Nuxated Iron for Strength, Energy and Endurance

Dr. Kenneth K. MacAlpine, for 16 Years Adjunct Professor New York Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital, Says That in His Opinion Nuxated Iron is

The Most Valuable Tonic, Strength and Blood Builder Any Physician Can Prescribe

When Ignace Jan Paderewski, Master Pianist and Nation Maker, turned his back to the plaudits of the admiring thousands and deserted music to give his whole energy that Poland might become a free nation, he little realized the tremendous strain which would be imposed upon his health and strength. After two years of such strenuous work and intense mental effort as would have worn down the constitution of many men, Paderewski had recourse to the sustaining tonic benefits of Nuxated Iron to help rebuild his wasted forces and restore his old-time health and strength. That one of the foremost and most forceful figures of today's international life, should come out frankly and publicly endorse a product which he has personally found valuable for building up the health and strength must arouse the interest of every thinking person in Nuxated Iron, which is today being used by over three million people annually to help create red blood, power and endurance.

Commenting upon the use of Nuxated Iron by Paderewski and other widely known people, Dr. Kenneth K. MacAlpine, a prominent New York Surgeon and former Adjunct Professor of the New York Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital, says:

"During sixteen years as Lecturer and Adjunct Professor of Special Surgery (Proctology) in the New York Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital, I never had recourse to so valuable a remedy for building up the health and strength of debilitated, convalescent patients as Nuxated Iron. Severe tests recently made with Nuxated Iron have absolutely convinced me that it is a preparation of most extraordinary merit.

"If people would only realize that iron is just as indispensable to the blood as is air to the lungs, and be just as particular about keeping up a sufficient supply at all times, there would, in my opinion, be far less disease resulting from anaemic, weakened conditions. For years it was a problem with physicians how to administer iron in a form that

could be taken up by the system and increase the red blood corpuscles without upsetting the stomach, blackening the teeth or producing other disorders almost as serious as the lack of iron itself. But the introduction of Nuxated Iron has done away with all objectionable features of the old mineral salts of iron and gives to every careful thinking physician a tried and valuable prescription which he can

it utterly robs him of the virile force, that stamina and strength of will which are so necessary to success and power in every walk of life.

Thousands of men and women are impairing their constitutions, laying themselves open to illness and literally losing their grip on health, simply because their blood is thinning out and possibly starving through lack iron. Iron is absolutely essential to enable your blood to transform the food you eat into muscular tissue and brain. Without iron there is no strength, vitality and endurance to combat obstacles or withstand severe strains. To help make strong, sturdy men of blood and iron there

is nothing better than organic iron—Nuxated Iron." Mr. Paderewski says: "I am using Nuxated Iron very frequently and consider it as an excellent tonic."

Dr. George H. Baker, formerly Physician and Surgeon, Monmouth Memorial Hospital of New Jersey says: "The fact that Nuxated Iron is today being used by over three million people annually as a tonic, strength and blood-builder, is in itself an evidence of tremendous public confidence, and I am convinced that if others should take Nuxated Iron when they feel weak and run-down it would help make a nation of stronger, healthier men and women."

If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. Numbers of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while have most astonishingly increased their strength and endurance simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this after they had, in some cases, been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit.

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE: Nuxated Iron, recommended above is not a secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser, or they will refund your money. It is dispensed in this city by all good druggists.



recommend nearly every day with benefit to his weakened and run-down patients. Nuxated Iron by enriching the blood and creating new blood cells strengthens the nerves, rebuilds the weakened tissues and helps to instill renewed energy and endurance into the whole system, whether the patient be young or old. In my opinion Nuxated Iron is the most valuable tonic, strength and blood builder any physician can prescribe."

Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital, says: "Lack of iron in the blood not only makes a man a physical and mental weakling, nervous, irritable, easily fatigued, but

How Rouget de Lisle Wrote the Battle Song of France

Continued from page 163

Strasbourg has preserved almost exactly its grand style du temps passé.

How strange it seems that this one small area should have served as setting for incidents so widely divergent in nature, of which each one, while associated with the great days of France, yet represents in itself a form of government totally different from the other!

How strange that here in this imposing frame, in this garden, once that of a great monarch's "favorite," and decorated on the national festival, 14th July, 1915, with the colors of a republican France, a ceremony should be taking place, grave and solemn, the hero of which is a one-time officer of the Revolution!

In the bend of one of the avenues of flowering chestnuts, a little company of Boy Scouts adds its picturesque touch of color to the scene and takes the lead of the procession, then follow members of the municipal council, notabilities from Paris, a detachment of the 94th Infantry, the 95th section of 1870 Veterans, each group with its own flag, and upon all this long cortege of the anonymous crowd, hushed and solemn, pours down steadily the rain, which changes suddenly into a deluge and rattles among the thick boughs that are tossing wildly about in the rising storm-wind.

In close press the imposing multitude moves forward past the monument by Steiner, erected to Rouget de Lisle in the square that bears his name, then stops before the green necropolis beneath the shades of whose deep boughs stands the second tomb of Rouget de Lisle, ornamented with a medallion-likeness of the poet by David of Angers. The stone sarcophagus had been withdrawn from its place and stood exposed to the view of the people. The small, narrow casket, in size almost like that of a child, clasped by two plain bands of iron, bears no inscription other than the name of the glorious dead, cut on both sides. The crowd presses roundabout it, curious to gaze upon it, and the small funeral car brought by the fire brigade, and draped with six tricolor flags, is drawn close beside it.

The representative of the government approaches and the people bare their heads, while he covers the casket with another flag, after which it is lifted onto the car. Two wreaths are then laid upon it, and that is all.

Already the cortege forms again. A brief command: "Presentez-arms!" and along both lines the 21st colonial troops render military honors, the officers saluting with their swords. The crowd stands thrilled, compactly pressed together, with heads uncovered. One feels that a cry of enthusiasm is there, ready to leap from every breast. However, the moment is a poignant, a solemn one, and silently the cortege passes thru the midst of these repressed emotions.

But as it crosses the Market Place there suddenly bursts from out the increasing storm of wind and rain a chorus of a hundred voices—the "Marseillaise!" It is the children from the schools, who, while glory passes by, are singing an enthusiastic salute to a past, a present, and a future of glory.

At the Hotel de Ville the sarcophagus is lifted from the car and carried to the top of the steps into the portico where, under a crimson canopy, Rouget de Lisle is to pass the last night of Choisy whilst awaiting his definite glorification. At this moment the storm is at its height, and the trees, convulsed by the wind, toss their branches about like long, despairing arms, amidst the gale. One would almost suppose some immense despair, theatrical, romanesque, was agitating all this nature from root to tree-tops.

The Mayor addresses the people, who receive his words with applause while, in a flash of lightning, a sudden clap of thunder rumbles along the sky, prolonging its salvos—a salvo from the Beyond.

Rouget de Lisle's immortal anthem has, for

Continued on page 187

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American Woolen Company

WM. M. WOOD, President

Continued from page 185

more than a century, embodied his country's soul. It is but justice that his memory should receive the nation's homage.

It was to the accents of the "Marseillaise" the soldiers of the Revolution fought in defense of the right and for the liberty of peoples.

It is to the accents of the "Marseillaise" that, offering up their lives for the same ideal, the soldiers of 1914—the soldiers of 1918—defended, with the same heroic spirit, the cause of justice and honor.

Rouget de Lisle had the genius to give France a song of which it might be almost said that it sprang simultaneously from every throat, as if the entire nation had composed it. A song of freedom, a gigantic superhuman cry of alarm, this cry of France has become the battlecry of all the nations fighting at her side for that self-same ideal.

On the eve of the definite victory, in 1918 as in 1792, the day of glory was arisen.

Le jour de gloire est arrivé!

Of a truth, Rouget de Lisle has well deserved of the *Patrie*.

Let's Strengthen the Nation Thru Co-operation

Continued from
page 176

to either side, the party considering itself unfairly treated could—and I believe, would—patiently wait for the short time to expire, when a new set of twelve representatives would pass upon and decide the mooted question.

(4) That the decisions of the League of Industry be accepted without question and abided by to the letter for the partial or full twelve-month period by all parties concerned in the ruling.

(5) That the principal duty of the League of Industry will be to fix fair wage scales for each current year, arrived at by a just valuation of the purchasing power of the dollar at the time of fixture, judged by the standard of—say 1910—or any other year agreed upon.

(6) That Capital will make no drastic and sweeping cuts in wages nor extend the hours of toil without the consent of the League.

(7) That Labor will call no general "strike" or "walkout," the League having full and absolute authority to settle every question submitted to it, and which pertain to wage scales and hours of toil.

The purchasing power of money is constantly fluctuating. Let both Capital and Labor bear this in mind and study the fact fairly and squarely. If Tom Jenks, carpenter, was worth to his employer three dollars per day in 1910, he is in all sense of fairness worth six in 1918, when the dollar is only worth fifty cents, judged by the 1910 value. This fluctuation of money-value is one of the greatest causes of unrest, and hence arises the absolute necessity for a League of Industry, having fixed powers, of necessity, however, for very limited time.

The name, "League of Industry," should appeal to both Labor and Capital. Both are engaged in the promotion of industry, and both should be proud of the name. The above is simply a skeleton, weak in places, but strong as a whole. Labor and Capital have both been drifting for a long time, and now is the time for both to unbend a little and get together.

Labor has learned its lesson and today is picking its brainy and honest men for guidance and representation. The solution of many employer-labor problems would be almost instantly solved.

If all men are not brothers, they are, at least, very closely related. Let that sink in! We are all here in the world for something. Let's co-operate and try to make this old world a better and happier one to live in. It's going to cost Capital something to spread this propaganda of fairness, but it will cost infinitely more if it isn't spread. Remember: *There's nothing in this world so good as warm, fraternal brotherhood.*



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by Margaret B. Owen

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To the men and women who earn their livelihood in the stenographic profession, this book comes as a personal message, and to those about to take up typewriting it hopefully opens the door of opportunity. Even the business or professional man who operates the typewriter only occasionally for personal use will find this book helpful. Miss Owen has given to everybody in any way interested in typewriting the full benefit of the years of hard, thoro and thoughtful training for the distinctive position she holds in the business world.

This is more than a book on speed, for it covers the whole subject of typewriting—everything that the stenographer needs to know concerning the use and care of the machine and her other office duties. Business men will be enthusiastic over this helpful book because it leads to accuracy and efficiency. The book tells how to overcome bad habits in typing, how to write a perfect letter, how to save lost motion, and while telling about the care of the typing machine, it also tells the stenographer how to care for the human machine and acquire the best health for business success.

Miss Owen is the first winner of an international speed contest to write a book on general typewriting. Her book has the clear thought action that might be expected from a person who can write one hundred and thirty-seven words a minute for an hour.

*"The Secret of Typewriting Speed." By Margaret B. Owen. Chicago: Forbes & Co. Price, \$1.00 net.

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May no clews or lashes break
And let me down before I wake.

Keep me safely in the sight,
Grant no fire drills tonight,
And in the morning let me wake
Breathing scents of sirloin steak.

Lord protect me in my dreams,
And make this better than it seems;
Grant the time may swiftly fly
When myself shall rest on high.

In a snowy feather bed
Where I long to lay my head,
Far away from these scenes
From the smell of half baked beans.

Take me back into the land
Where they don't scrub down with sand,
Where the women scrub the clothes
God Thou knowest all my woes.

Feed me in my dying woes,
Take me back
I'll promise then
Never to leave home again.

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